JOHN BULL 2½D

WHERE WE STAMP NOW By A.B.A.

ASK HANNEN SWAFFER

MEMORY OF OLD WOMEN By the Editor

If I only had the girth
Of a Goering, or the earth,
I would like to sit and think
How much Bulmers I could drink!

Bulmer's Cider

Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount, so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

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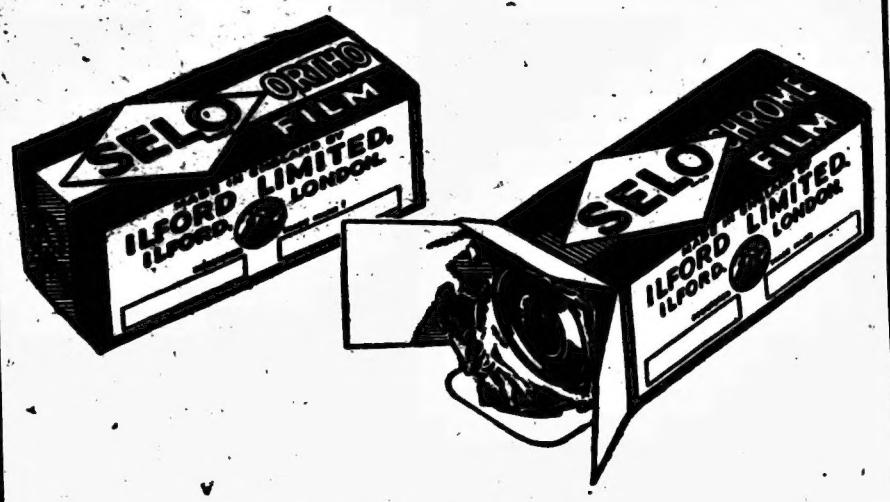


Still in the picture

Nowadays, although you may not be able to get Selo Films quite as readily as in normal times, they are still available to the public. Selo Films, as you know, are unsurpassed for results—so they are worth hunting for! And when Ilford Limited can again devote all its energies to your needs, British Made Selo Films and other Ilford photographic products will once more be obtainable everywhere, and will be found, as before, to be the best in the world.

SELO films

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF SENSITISED PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, ILFORD, LONDON

HOWEVER BADLY YOU MAY. BEGIN YOUR DAILY ROUND. THINGS WILL SURELY MEND SO SOON AS YOU SEEK THE GRATEFUL SOLACE OF

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

Player's always Please

WORRY FLOODS STOMACH WITH ACID

Doctors have found that during periods of nerve tension, worry, or threat of danger, a rush of excess acid floods the stomach. This excess acid does not increase your digestive powers—it works just the other way. It soaks quickly into the stomach's contents, so that the food you have eaten sours and ferments and turns into a lumpy, tough mass. Now if these periods of anxiety constantly recur, you may be heading for chronic trouble.

Don't let this dangerous condition get the better of you—don't even let it get started. Wherever you are—whatever you are doing—take two 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets immediately you feel your stomach 'turn over.' 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will instantly kill the excess acid and calm and soothe the stomach nerves.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the safe, sure brand of antacid doctors have been recommending for years, because they can rely on it doing its job.

Get these pleasant mint flavoured 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets today. Obtainable everywhere in handy tins. 7d. and 1/1½d. Carry a tin with you always (no water needed). Also family sizes 2/3d. and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Be sure to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

I'm sure it's due to PHOSFERINE

says Mrs. C. F., of Burton-on-Trent.

"I have derived great benefit through taking Phosferine Tablets. My nervous system was in a dreadful state when I left London through the raids but am glad to say I now feel quite myself again, and I'm sure it's due to Phosferine."

Take this to heart—and ask your nearest chemist for a bottle of Phosferine today. Ten drops will start the famous tonic action. A dose of Phosferine will buck you up, give you an appetite, put back into you strength, energy, vitality. Succeeding doses will continue this good work—until you find yourself back in the best of health.

PHOSFERINE

Brand

The Greatest of all Tonics.

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/9

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size, you save 2/-.

A minute before every meal, before going to bed and whenever you come in—not long to spend insuring yourself and your family against infection! And that's what Family Health does every time you use it. Its antiseptic lather minimises the danger from germs in dirt—saves you from carrying infection on your hands.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

FRESH AIR *Give an injured person all the fresh air possible. Don't allow people to crowd round.*

KH 72-26-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

How can You Get SLIM for Summer

MAKE sure of a lovely slim figure this Summer with the aid of Bile Beans. Start taking Bile Beans now—just a couple nightly. Soon that surplus fat will melt away, leaving graceful, slender lines.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. Besides ensuring regular daily elimination and removing unwanted fat, they tone up the system, clear the complexion and make you gloriously fit and well.

So if you want to improve your health and figure and look your best in your new summery dresses, just remember—take Bile Beans regularly."

"When I go swimming I'm often asked how I keep my figure so slim and attractive. My secret is simply Bile Beans taken regularly. They help me to retain my youthful appearance and vitality."—Mrs. R. D. Dublin.

By taking

BILE BEANS

1/5 plus

7d., 3/5 and 5/5 (Including Purchase Tax). Sold also in Saxpences.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 7, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

STEPPING-STONE!

All eyes on Greenland! Not without big reason was the Bismarck lurking about its icy coast.

What was that reason?

Some time ago U.S. coastguards found three German ships from Norway prowling its inlets.

They also found a landing party carrying out meteorological observations, and cleared it out—the U.S. Government doesn't reveal how.

Britain's weather can be best forecast from Greenland.

Then German reconnaissance 'planes have been seen spotting there, a bomber searching its coast, another heavy war-plane more inland.

What does it all portend?

It is an admirable sea and bomber base from which the Germans could raid our Atlantic shipping, of course.

But it is probably more.

America took over its "protection" against the wishes of Danish Quislings.

Roosevelt, speaking of the stepping-stones Hitler would need to conquer America, makes specific mention of Greenland.

Almost in the next breath he expressed his intention of placing American troops where they could best meet attack—indicating that the range of modern war has increased enormously.

The Nazis make East.

To complete the Hitler dream they must also make West.

So we must watch Greenland!

Straight from the Shoulder

WAKE UP SLEEPERS!

TAKE care that the Rooseveltitis bug doesn't get you—as it has got some people since the U.S. President's great speech.

Its virus is complacency.

And complacency palsies the trigger finger.

Therefore it can be as big an enemy in war time as the Nazis themselves.

Mighty Friend—But

We can hear you saying: "What an ungenerous thing to say about a mighty friend of Britain, about one of the greatest feats of oratory of all time!"

But one moment. That speech was a fireside chat to the American public. Not one word was addressed directly to us.

Roosevelt would have something vastly different to say to you.

And it wouldn't be: "Don't worry!"

Don't Lean

We can imagine his message:

"Work harder. Fight harder, although God knows you have fought like Trojans. Whatever you are doing to defeat this evil thing called Nazism, redouble it.

"I am in the process of awaking this great American nation. But until it *is* awake in a might and greatness that Germany cannot match, you must not lean on us.

"You cannot lean on one who is half-awake."

They Want Props!

Oh, we have plenty of Leaners.

When a few French bombers appeared over London round about the beginning of hostilities they blathered something about: "Now we're bound to win."

They've found prop after prop to lean on since—and with the fall of one have hunted for and found another.

True the American prop won't fall—but remember Waterloo.

Dictator's End

On Sunday, June 18, 1815, a small British Army locked itself in combat with the vastly superior forces of Napoleon, knowing that Blucher would arrive with 50,000 troops in due course.

Blucher kept his word. His army turned up more quickly than we had any right to expect it would—which we hope will be true of America's material aid.

It swept over the horizon at the moment we forced Napoleon's men into a run.

But if British Tommies had leaned on Blucher we would have lost.

Shoot First!

Roosevelt's help is going to be something far mightier than Blucher's promised to be, as A. G. Gardiner shows you on page 10.

But it will be of no avail if, through complacency, through any I've-got-a-pal-coming-who'll-show-'em spirit, we're not first on the pull of the trigger.

And we repeat: Complacency palsies the trigger finger.

Wasted Man-Power

We'll show you how.

We received more than a hundred letters last week from people whose war services had been disdained.

At an honest estimate, 95 per cent. of the writers had something valuable to offer to the war effort.

Idiot's Delight

A publican, for years a highly skilled engineer, travelled scores of miles to present himself at a munition factory crying out for men.

"You go where your employment exchange sends you," they snorted.

"But they insist on sending me to a job that doesn't help the nation a bit," he said.

Left, Right, Left

A munition factory sought a man whose days are largely devoted to marking time on a parade-ground.

The man's commanding officer wants him to go on marking time.

And, possession being nine points of the law, the man stays put.

Trade Union Snubbed

We haven't the space to enumerate all the engineering qualifications of a North Country reader—ships' engineering, bear in mind.

A foreman, crying out for men, wrote to the employment exchange pleading for his services.

As the man had drifted into the casualty service, the exchange got in touch with the medical officer of health to secure his release.

His trade union joined in.

Appeal loftily turned down.

Dancing First!

In the same week's post we received many dozens of letters from aircraft and munition workers who want to be kept busy—but can't get a chance.

Two shifts in a huge shell factory were cut by one and a half hours each, so that the workers could have a dance and raffle—although they insisted they didn't want a dance and raffle.

And numberless munition workers protest against being compelled to take Whitsun holidays against their will.

Cobwebs

A millwright laid out machines for shell-making. Then, the layout complete, he waited proudly for the job to begin.

Nine months went by—and not a shell had been made.

Crete's Need

Such letters actually reach us from tank factories.

And we have had to ration tanks to battlefronts.

From men making anti-aircraft guns—and how we could have done with more anti-aircraft guns in Crete.

From shipyards—and who doesn't know how we need ships.

Delivering the Meat

And outside the munition works you'll still find some we'll-muddle-through-somehow spirit.

A lorry driver got the job of calling at different docks at 8 a.m. and taking corned beef to various centres.

First day his wife wondered why he got home so early, thought he had been sacked. Second day a dispute as to whether he should pick up 290 cases or 390 cases went well into the afternoon.

Third day he was told: "Sorry, none for you," and he mooned round the docks.

Ask Pickford's

There is a real need of a shake-up in the transport world.

We hear of whole convoys of new lorries crossing Britain empty, and of empty juggernauts going North passing empty juggernauts going South.

Surely it isn't beyond the wit of a war time Government to ensure that lorries that have delivered their goods take something useful back home with them.

Pickford's would help to organise such a clearing-house system.

Why Bargees Swear

And why this stupid neglect of our canals and inland waterways?

You'll still see empty barges tied up for weeks at a time—and often they could be used to save perilous journeys round the coasts of Britain.

Waste, circumlocution methods, slap-dash organisation—name any of the many evils of war time production, and you'll find they are all primary products of complacency.

Not All Out

Let us be cheered by all means at all that American help will mean.

But let us remember that it will take time to reach us.

Knowledge that it is coming is going to make Hitler go all out for a lightning victory.

Therefore we've got to go all out to see that he fails. And who can pretend we *are* all out?

Speed, Speed, Speed!

More true than ever now are the words Hore-Belisha used in his days of Cabinet rank: "So much to do, and so little time to do it."

Our biggest needs to-day are Speed, then Speed and finally Speed.

Roosevelt spoke to kill American complacency. It will be tragedy, indeed, if it produces the over-confidence that accentuates it here.

Carry the Message

We are most of us good Britons these days, but you will be a better if you carry this clarion call for Speed with you wherever you go.

Don't be afraid of saying it too often. We are not.

The chief virtue of an alarm-clock is that it repeats itself. It is an enemy of somnambulism. So we should all be alarm-clocks these days.

(Continued overleaf)

£6,800 MORE CLAIMS PAID

AN AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY | ***Underwritten at LLOYD'S*** | **FREE FOR EVERY READER!**

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Nazi labour demands in Italy have led to new difficulties in both Axis countries. Thousands of Italian women, who are fundamentally different from the docile and stolid German *frau*, desperate at the losses in Libya and elsewhere, are organising resistance and inciting their men to trouble.**

● ***Aosta's courageous and well-organised stand in Abyssinia has considerably lowered Mussolini's and Fascist stock and raised that of the ruling house of Savoy. Anti-Blackshirts have not failed to make the most of the reaction.***

● **As the Nazi occupation of the Balkans grows more complete, Rumania, till now the richest European wheat country outside Russia, is short of bread and is suffering from food riots. Turkish watchers are bringing the lesson home to their country.**

● Already the Nazis are going back on their Bulgarian promises—and Bulgaria is angry. Outlet to the Aegean at Salonika was guaranteed, but country has been curtly informed that this was intended only after the war. Nazis control the port and no others are allowed near the waterfront.

● ***Trouble is taking shape in Hungary. The disillusion which led to recent suicides and murders of her leading statesmen has been carried another step downwards. Hitler personally promised return of former Croat provinces and Adriatic ports, Instead handed them over to Italy.***

● **While British shipping losses have been serious and heavy, Axis propaganda is carefully hiding the fact that we are consistently sinking their ships at the average rate of 100,000 tons a week and that their proportional losses are far greater than ours.**

● Mussolini gnashes his teeth at Nazi appointment of Colonel Fischer as German military attaché in Rome. **Fischer is one of Europe's biggest scoffers at Italian fighting prowess.**

● **In 1936, when he was in Rome, Fascist agents intercepted an insulting report on the Italian Army which he was sending to Berlin. Some time later, after customary Mussolini eulogy on Italian arms, he publicly waxed insulting.**

● ***Fischer was asked to obtain pictures of Italian Army for publication. Fascists handed him out the dopestuff. Fischer supplied pictures showing that Army as it really is. And Musso. went mad.***

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

LONG before this war, when brigades were turning back at county boundaries and letting fires burn themselves out, JOHN BULL advocated a national fire-fighting service.

Now the reform has come. And 20,000 men are to be conscripted for this national service, bringing the total war-time strength to 100,000 men.

Excellent! But we see a danger.

Choose the Best

Already job-hunters with no knowledge whatsoever of fire-fighting are crowding round for the fat jobs. Already wires are being pulled to breaking point.

There is real danger of the force being dominated by brass-hats with no other qualifications than their old school ties.

We agree with Lady Astor that the best men should be chosen from the ranks, given suitable training, promoted to executive positions.

Bad Custom

We have always kept our eye on fire brigades. We know too well what has happened in the past.

Once a ranker always a ranker has too often been the rule. Chief Inspectorships have gone to retired Colonels and Admirals—even Chief Constables who have wanted a change.

"Experience should be the qualification," Mr. John Horner, general secretary, Fire Brigades' Union, told us.

Yes: blitz experience.

Harsh Treatment

As earliest pioneers of the new national service we would offer additional advice.

Men in this vital service get no sickness pay till they have served three months, are only entitled to it for three weeks in each year.

That's wrong.

Seriously injured men are sacked after 13 weeks with vague promises of possible reinstatement after recovery.

That's worse.

They're Soldiers!

Thousands of men are still waiting for a second change of clothing—this after two years of service.

It is essential to men who come home filthy saturated, dead beat.

They are front-line troops. They need front-line equipment.

The Big Idea

In many country papers you'll find the small ad. "Condemned houses wanted."

Address given is usually a box number.

Looks as if some syndicate is busy on a get-rich-quick idea.

Councils have powers to stop profiteering in property, should ask a few pertinent questions before granting reprieve.

Bad Distinction

A.R.P. workers have to stay put.

And rightly. You don't want to find on the night of a blitz that they've gone elsewhere to get more money.

But here's a staggering fact. Such compulsion applies only to rank-and-file £3 10s. a week and unpaid civil defence workers.

Higher paid officers can wander from town to town.

Essex Has Wisdom!

Many of these officers have already made several changes—in search of higher salaries.

They have been writing nice letters to the Essex County Council lately, that authority having advertised quite a number of A.R.P. jobs ranging from £250 to £800 a year.

But there are no flies on that council It insists on a contract.

M.P.'s Must Kick!

Several authorities, fed up with losing trained leaders, have appealed to the Government to end the iniquity.

The Government has refused without giving reasons.

Very well, M.P.s must pester it until it gives way.

Tell the World

If the Ministry of Information has imagination it will see that Ritchie Calder's new book, "Carry On, London," best and fullest description yet of the behaviour of our blitzed populations under fire, circulates in every important language.

It deserves to rank as the Official War History of our civilian army. But while Official War Histories usually cost guineas, this is yours for five shillings.

War-Winning Tip

Advice to those who are thinking of distempering that room, painting that bath, replacing those kitchen tiles: Don't, unless it is absolutely essential.

Essential war work needs the labour and the materials. Fighter plane factories, aerodromes, come first.

Besides, you will want to treat yourself to something when Victory is ours.

Any Old Iron

Mersey Docks and Harbour Board is advertising to find a buyer for its accumulation of 3,582 tons of scrap.

It needn't look far.

We know some ladies and gentlemen who'd love to make 160,000 twenty-five-pounder shells of it.

Blunderland

Whitehall must think this is an easy war to win.

It is permitting £10,000 in American gold dollars to lie idle and unused in one of its vaults for the duration of the war.

And it allows three hundred tons of bamboo supports, invaluable to agriculturists, to rot on a much-bombed dockside.

Bank Was Happy

The gold dollars were offered to the Bank of England free of interest by French and Swiss business men who said they didn't want repayment till after the war.

Bank of England nearly burst with gratitude. Treasury sniffed and said there were "technical reasons" why the money couldn't be used.

So down into the official dungeons it went—lost to the war effort.

Gift Disdained

The bamboo was grown in China, where in some respects they run a war more efficiently than ourselves.

A Dutch ship was carrying the cargo to Belgium when the Germans overran the Low Countries, compelling it to take refuge in a British port.

The London agents of the Belgian purchasers have offered the canes to the Ministry of Agriculture time and again.

But the Trading With the Enemy Department, Board of Trade, says: "No. There are technical reasons."

Adolf's Method

We are dealing with an enemy that seizes whole nations, subjugates whole peoples in its determination to enslave us.

And we prattle about "technical reasons."

Paper in Plenty

Less paper is available for the printing of Bibles.

But the packages of "literature" sent out by the firms selling birth-control requisites are still as bulky as ever.

Temptation is to burn them unread—so the paper used is a total loss.

Not Risking It

Thousands of applications to enter Britain are reaching the Foreign Office.

One is from Tibor von Eckahrdt, blazingly anti-Nazi Hungarian Agrarian leader.

It has been refused, and von Eckahrdt sails on to America.

Many Norwegian, Dutch, Czech and Polish refugees in Spain are seeking to come here and join their Free units.

We hope their applications are treated with the same caution.

Sincerity

It is pretty certain that von Eckahrdt genuinely hates Hitler as much as we do. He wanted to set up a Free Hungarian Government here.

Equally genuine, probably, are 999 out of every 1,000 applications from people who want to give military assistance.

But we can't afford to take risks.

Caught Whitehall Napping

We certainly haven't been watchful enough about entrants to the Civil Service.

Several Ministries have discovered that they have been employing criminals.

The Rev. Reginald Sorensen, M.P., is keeping the authorities on the alert in this matter.

Our Civil Service is sometimes dumb and sometimes muddle-headed, but it has always been the most honest in the world—and we want it to remain so.

Insane Censorship

Distressing letter reaches us from a woman reader who proudly sent her newest photograph to soldier-husband out East.

Letter was opened, censored. Picture reached her husband with strange corporal's photo pasted on back.

Explanations are difficult over hundreds of miles of ocean. Last letter received from the husband is heart-brokenly mistrustful.

Fool who made such a terrible mistake should be hunted down, never trusted with another letter.

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

DANGEROUS OLD WOMEN!

YOU all know them—the gloomy gossips, the purveyors of pessimism, the garrulous old women of both sexes, who chatter even with their teeth.

Some of them are chicken-hearted, and others only chicken-brained, but they are all dangerous.

We are constantly being told that courage and faith are not enough to see us through to victory.

That is true, but we cannot win the war without both.

They are vital weapons in the national armoury—particularly and tremendously important to us in this critical span, when we are compelled to remain mainly on the defensive because we have not yet attained the superiority of arms that will ultimately destroy the German military machine.

Our fighting men do not lack this superlative spiritual armament. Their courage is as unfailing as their faith in victory is unquenchable.

That is why, with the odds generally against them, they compel the grim admiration of the Germans, the only enemy that counts.

For the Nazis cannot match us in the weapons of the spirit. Fanaticism they may have, and it makes them deadly foes, but it is an ill-tempered sword, and one day it will blunt in their hands.

OUR FIGHTING FORCES, ON SEA, ON LAND, AND IN THE AIR, ARE INSPIRED BY A FAITH THAT WILL NEVER FAIL THEM.

SO, ALMOST SOLIDLY, IS THE GREAT CIVILIAN ARMY, WHICH IS TAKING ITS EQUAL AND VALIANT PART IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN.

But there are a few people in every section of the community whose faith is weak. Some of them have no guts, and others no common-sense.

They are not traitors in the ordinary sense of the word. They would be horrified to be told that they were pro-Nazis.

But, whether they realise it or not, they are defeatists. They spread alarm and despondency. They are Jeremiahs who seem to admire the "Jerries." They are worse than a dam' nuisance: they are a public menace.

JOHN BULL *endorses the stern rebuke which Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., the Recorder of Liverpool, has addressed to all gossipers, including some members of the Bar.*

He spoke particularly of two barristers, one of whom told him that Liverpool town hall was a mass of ruins, and the other that this staunch and gallant city had been placed under martial law, so desperate were the existing conditions.

Both statements were false. "I think it intolerable," said Mr. Hemmerde, "that old women of both sexes should go about chattering in this way and taking away the character of people who are doing their utmost for the war effort."

It ought to be intolerable and it would be if most of us ceased to tolerate it. But we are too soft with these merchants of misery. We laugh at them when we should tell them to go to hell.

Worse than that; we sometimes listen to their muddled melancholy and leave them, however contemptuously, with the dirty taste of defeatism still in our mouths.

Bricklayers are no better and no worse than barristers; charwomen than the ladies of Mayfair; Tories than Communists; Preachers than Free Thinkers. There are dangerous old women in every trade and every class. Beware of them all.

Prominent among these pernicious gossips is the type that immediately begins to imagine the worst possible outcome of every new development in the vast theatre of war.

The Nazis had hardly launched their air attack upon Crete before these croakers were whispering in trains and buses and public-houses: "What will happen if we lose Crete?"

This important island may, or may not, have passed into German control by the time these lines appear. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate

"I think it intolerable that old women of both sexes should go about chattering in this way," says Mr. Hemmerde

the difficulties that General Freyberg had to face in defending it.

But it was sheer gloom-mongering—Aye, and defeatism of the most insidious form—to take for granted the final failure of a glorious Greco-British stand against desperate attack.

It is precisely upon such occasions that faith and courage ought to be displayed in their bravest colours.

Nobody needed to reassure the general public that the situation was "well in hand." All we needed was to remind *ourselves*—as Vernon Bartlett did remind the country in a fine broadcast—that Hitler may win many battles, but that he can never win the war.

JOHN BULL detests complacency almost as much as undue despondency. We regretted, no less than Mr. A. V. Alexander may afterwards have regretted, his unlucky choice of the word "unlucky" in describing the shell from the *Bismarck's* guns which exploded in the *Hood's* powder magazine and blew up our largest battle cruiser.

BUT, THERE AGAIN, THE SORROWFUL HEAD-WAGGERS AND TEETH-CHATTERERS WERE ALL TOO QUICK TO READ DISASTER INTO A GREAT NAVAL OCCASION THAT FINISHED GLORIOUSLY.

They did not wait for the outcome of the desperate battle still in progress. They took it for granted that the Germans had sunk one of our capital ships and that we had not been able to retaliate.

And when the news that we had sunk the *Bismarck* came out nearly five days after the *Hood* had been lost, they were still wagging their heads and saying: "Ah, but how much other damage did she do before we sank her?"

Some of these dismal Desmonds claim to be realists. They say, with an air of defiant apology: "Well, we've got to face facts, haven't we?"

But they don't face them. They see them all askew. They have not begun to understand what the Premier meant when he said that nobody can hope to face facts without a sense of proportion.

MR. CHURCHILL IS NO FACT-SHIRKER. HE IS NO COMFORT-MONGER; HE DOLES OUT NO SOOTHING SYRUP. HE HAS NEVER PROMISED US ANYTHING BUT BLOOD AND TEARS AND TOIL AND SWEAT—AND FAITH IN FINAL VICTORY.

THE old women cannot see through the tears of self-pity or panic that trickle down their noses. You will never hear any of them saying definitely that they think we are going to lose the war. Their instinct warns them against committing themselves to that extent.

But you never hear them say that we are goint to win it! Under the cloak of their spurious realism, they shrug their mean shoulders in an eloquent gesture, which magnifies every reverse and belittles every noble achievement of British arms.

They accept the enemy's communiqués more readily than our own and, although facts continually give the lie to Nazi claims, they still lap up the most extravagant German boasts.

JOHN BULL was one of the first national newspapers to oppose the trivial prosecutions—and sometimes extravagant punishment—of insignificant citizens accused under ill-considered war-time legislation of causing alarm and despondency.

We rejoiced when Mr. Churchill put an end to this futile persecution of rabbits, vermin and small game.

But we ought not to put up with them.

We have no right to let their ill-omened, stupid or cowardly mutterings pass unchallenged, When they announce disasters they should be asked for proof of their statements.

And, proof failing, they should be bluntly denounced as the witless or wilful tools of Dr. Goebbels, and treated thereafter with the studied contempt they deserve.

It is better to tell them to "shut up" than to argue with them; better still to ask them what they are doing personally to help win the war.

You will find that most of them are doing nothing; that they are selfish idlers, secretly ashamed of themselves, and secretly jealous of the very courage and faith which they try to undermine.

HUMAN MACHINE

The True Secret of Relaxation

● Many years ago in a famous *Punch* joke, the oldest inhabitant was asked how he passed his time. "Sometimes I sits and thinks," he said, "and sometimes I just sits!"

Well, there is a lot to be said for "just sitting" every now and again. But though it spells relaxation, it is not the whole secret of that very necessary art.

Mrs. Roosevelt knows what that secret is. "Sometimes," she wrote recently, "it is extremely good for you to forget that there is anything in the world that needs to be done, and to do some particular thing that *you want* to do.

"Every human being needs a certain amount of time in which he can be peaceful.

"Peace may take the form of exercise or reading or any congenial occupation; but the one thing that must not be connected with it is a sense of obligation to do some particular thing at some particular time.

"I had 200 letters waiting a few days ago, and any amount of work which had to be done, and I deliberately went out for the afternoon and spent two hours reading poetry!

"This was entirely outside my schedule, and you will probably raise your hands in horror at the thought of breaking up a well-budgeted day, but I believe in the end it makes for better quality work."

That's the secret—every now and again to do something *because you want to do it and for no other reason.*

That is real self-expression, and that is the real way to bring refreshment to mind and spirit.

Rt. Hon. Viscount SIMON, Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—The public has long been uneasy about food profiteering.

Now that a very revealing debate in the House of Lords has opened its eyes to the extent to which milk-sop magistrates are responsible, it will be more uneasy than ever.

What can be the mentality of magistrates who impose a fine of £3 8s. 9d. for an overcharge of £58; 10s. for an overcharge of £26; £1 for £24; 10s. for £16?

Or those who decided that three cases of overcharging to the extent of £14 each merited a penalty of 10s.; another of £27 dismissal under the Probation of Offenders Act?

People who received £900 too much for wheat had to pay £131. Overcharges of £1,391 resulted in fines totalling £144.

And these are but a few of a large number of cases detailed in that debate.

Now profiteering is no more likely to be put down by mild rebukes and infinitesimal fines than it is by a special issue of medals.

People who overcharge have got to be made the poorer by reason of their overcharging. Even in the case of an honest mistake that must be the rule.

You, as Lord Chancellor, are virtually the magistrates' own magistrate. Tell them that food profiteering has got to be stopped. Be firm with them—to make sure that they are firm.

We mustn't permit one of the worst of war-time offences to be regarded as "well worth while."—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord BRIDGEMAN, Director-General, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—I wish you would send the Home Guard in the Bradford district that recent announcement regarding Home Guard parades. You know: the one which says that members must not be compelled to resign from the Guard because they can't spare a lot of time for duties.

A few days after it was issued, the owner of a one-man Bradford business was pushed out on his ear because the necessity of earning a living made it impossible to attend all parades—this although he is a fully trained man.—JOHN BULL.

ROBERT NORMAN NAYLOR, Ex-London Teacher, Evacuated to Wales

NAYLOR,—Pleading conscience, you told the South Wales Tribunal that you wouldn't raise a finger to help children whose lives were in danger from bombing.

If I had my way I would compel you to serve in the Army for life, if only to keep you away from the kids doomed to hear your strange views.—JOHN BULL.

R. C. PINKERTON, Secretary, National Men's Defence League

DEAR SIR,—Pledged to defend the male—I don't know quite what against—you plan a national protest against the appointment of a woman, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, as head of the fire-watching service.

It would be a nice world if women also protested against working under male leadership. The two sexes would have to live and work in two separate camps.

You speak of "considerable resentment" among men at having to serve under women.

How silly. The average man would rather work under one of those fine women who are his co-partners in the national effort than under the average male official of some crank body like your own.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—Workers at a reconditioning works for Spitfire engines write telling me that although engines awaiting attention line the walls they are handed out sparingly.

They are "discontented"—their own word—because they have been compelled to take a Whitsuntide holiday against their wishes, the whole works closing down.

Want the name of the firm? And I hope you take a big size in boots.—JOHN BULL.

PEOPLE OF GREECE,

HELLENIC HEROES,—Weeks have gone since the withdrawal from Greece. It must be left to history to reveal what courage, what loyalty, what great-heartedness you showed.

But, having had a look at documents relating to the retreat, I can anticipate history a little.

The love and devotion you showered on our troops was increased when you knew they were going. You said masses for their safety. You fed them—although you knew not where the next meal was coming from for yourselves.

Your old women of seventy and more insisted on carrying our lads' equipment over the rocks to the beaches. "It made it so cruelly hard to go," said one.

Our thanks must be this pledge: we will fight for Greece as we are fighting for our own beloved country. You may well leave the future to us.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Not before time are National Health Insurance benefits being increased.

But why no additional help for the sick and disabled until January next year?

"Increase has been made necessary by war-time conditions," you say.

Are we to understand that war-time conditions do not begin until January next?—JOHN BULL.

REGIONAL OFFICER, Ministry of Food, Bristol

DEAR SIR,—Glad to see you are determined to stamp out the milk-bilkers, well-paid people who lie about their means to get free milk.

As they would get it at half-price, anyhow, under the scheme, no matter how high their income, the fraud is particularly mean.

You threaten prosecution. And you sound as though you mean it. So here's hoping you do.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON, Food Minister

MY LORD,—Walk round to see the Minister of Agriculture one of these fine mornings, looking at greengrocers' shops on the way.

They've never been stacked higher with expensive flowers; rarely so lacking in vegetables.

And don't forget to remind him that Dig for Victory means Dig for Food. He may be thinking in terms of shilling carnations.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—I am assured that when Flixton (Manchester) fire-watchers tried to open a post office savings account locally they were told that it was a very curious request, and that the Postmaster-General would have to be consulted.

Don't worry the War Cabinet with it.—JOHN BULL.

Lord LEATHERS, Minister of War Transport

DEAR SIR,—Welsh newspapers report that a ship has been sent from the south of England to Tyneside to pick up a cargo of coal for Swansea.

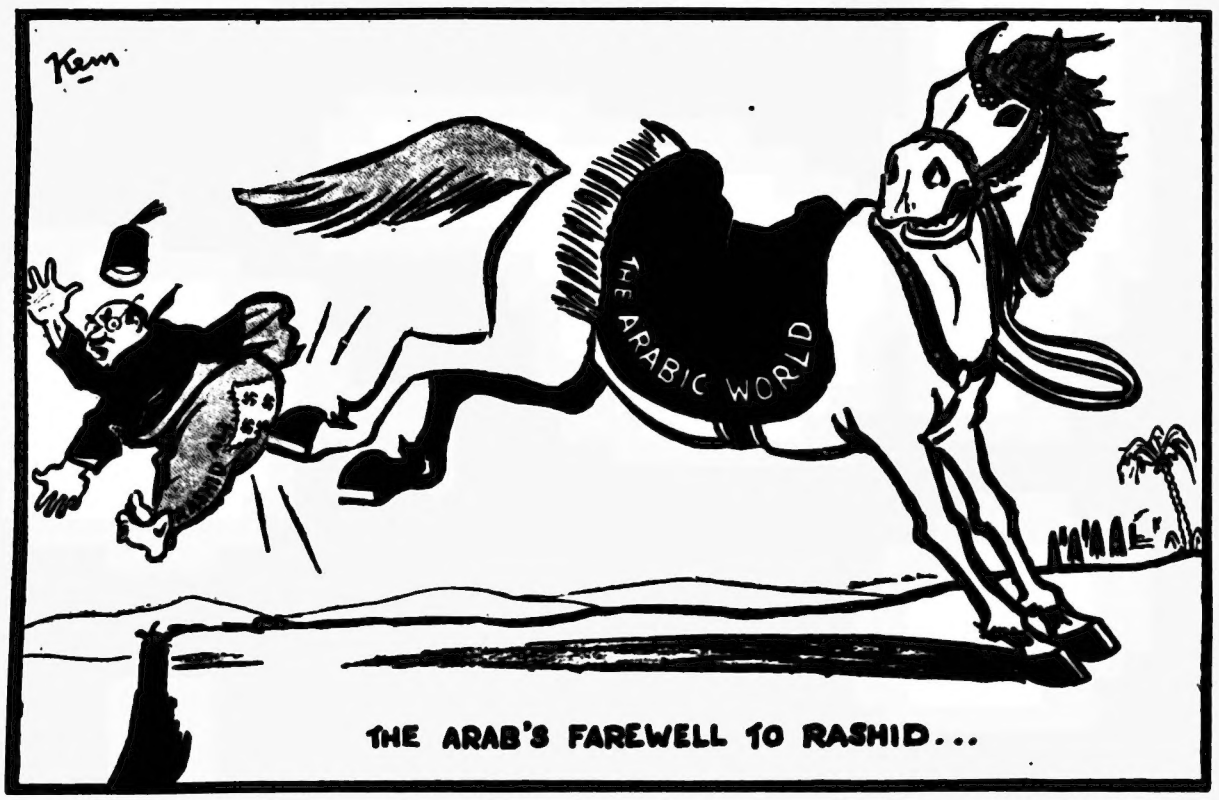
If true, the man responsible should be found a job in which his extraordinary ignorance endangers nobody.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF CONSTABLE, Flintshire

DEAR SIR,—On the approaching second anniversary of their birthday, Flintshire "Specials" are looking for a gift—some article of dress that will stamp them as policemen.

I know you are not in charge of the money-bags, but do your best.

They find the ridicule of small boys more freezing than the coldest nights of two winters on duty.—JOHN BULL.



MICHAEL CLOUD, in this week's epic story of Britain's Night Fighters, tells of a university student's revenge on a German professor, who led fleets of bombers to the city he had known, then deliberately wrecked the beautiful buildings that had given him a home and a job in the days of peace

The Hun He Blew to Bits

IN the quiet quadrangle of a West Country university, students back from vacation greeted a new tutor in the Spring before the Munich crisis.

He was a young man with fair hair and a duelling scar that gave a saturnine expression to his hard face.

A Languages Professor from Heidelberg—which was strange, since Heidelberg specialises not in languages but in military tuition.

The students gave him a half-friendly, half-critical greeting. His face set in a sneer, and he walked coldly on.

With British tolerance, they put it down to his foreign training, but very soon found it was just ill-manners.

He was brilliant enough at his work, but he interspersed everything he said with sneers against the English, and comments on their collapsing Empire and outworn democracy.

The young German soon earned the nickname of Satan. Not only for his pride and unpleasantness, but because he had a malformed right shoulder and a pronounced limp of the right leg, which gave him a mannerism rather like Sir Henry Irving's when playing Mephistopheles in *Faust*.

Sudden glares like sheet lightning illuminated the set face of the student. (Picture from the painting "Night Flyer," by Eric Kennington)

Studied to be a Spy

At the University they said he had cloven hoofs!

Cloven hoofs, however, were no drawback to espionage.

The "Languages Professor" was really an ex-military student from Heidelberg who had taken a course in Von Epp's Espionage School at Hanover before coming to Britain to spy out the weaknesses of our western ports.

As the international situation grew more and more desperate, "Satan" became hated for his arrogance and his everlasting threats of what Hitler would do "one day."

At the end of the summer term, 1939, he went suddenly back to Germany just before war began.

Things changed. The young men poured out of the university into branches of the fighting forces. Several joined the R.A.F.

The city itself was one of the first in Britain to suffer heavy bombing and destruction.

One by one, its tall spires went crashing down in flames. Its docks were battered by aircraft obviously working from intimate knowledge that could only have been gathered by expert peace time espionage.

But that city has sent out some of Britain's most famous seamen, and it stood doggedly to its guns—and to its work.

University His Target

Presently a rumour grew.

People began to talk of a big raiding *Heinkel* bomber that always led the enemy attacks. It was seen sometimes in moonlight as it dived over the docks, and sometimes glimpsed in searchlight glares.

It was flown by someone who knew that city like a native.

Very soon it was said that this particular *Heinkel*, having led an attack, turned aside itself to drop bombs on the university.

The beautiful buildings were hit once by a heavy bomb. Weeks later, when the debris had been cleared away, an enemy machine made a deliberate bombing run-up over the university, wheeled round, made a second deliberate run-up, and put a heavy bomb plumb in the middle of the target.

Two months later the same thing happened again.

And so rumour identified the unknown German, flying goggled through the night to try to smash down a peaceful seat of learning.

It was, so people said, "Satan"—the German Languages Professor from Heidelberg, who had always had so much to say about what Hitler would do when "Der Tag" arrived.

He was, they declared, venting his spite on the place that had given him a home and a job.

Determined to Avenge

One of the students who had sat under "Satan" and thoroughly disliked him (and had often been the butt for his mordant humour), began complicated wangles somewhere in the immense and intricate organisation of the R.A.F.

He was a brilliant fighter-pilot, with a personal "bag" of nine enemy machines already to his credit, and when he persisted in an effort to get seconded to a night fighter squadron he managed to get his way.

Eagerly he went through the long and arduous course of dieting, exercise and special training, till he could use his black-painted *Hurricane* to the satisfaction of the bored-looking veterans who teach such things.

And then he began to go up on night patrols, searching thousands of miles of skyspace for the Terror That Flies by Night.

He was one of the lucky ones, just as he had always been in sport, in examinations, and in a remarkable start on the London Stock Exchange.

On his fourth night patrol (many pilots have made hundreds fruitlessly) he sailed bang into a German raiding formation, flying very high so as to come in over the balloons that stretched a web of death in the sky about that battered western city.

A running fight developed, covering a hundred miles in half an hour.

It was an elusive pursuit of black shadows in a black sky among blacker clouds. Now and then a ripping flash showed an exchange of gunfire five miles up, but no one was hit.

As the bombers spread to straddle their objectives with bombs, the pursuing night fighter roared round in a flat turn, gambling everything on a "hunch."

He went over the university buildings, ran down-wind for a couple of miles, banked sharply—and there, with the luck that never failed him, he saw what he was seeking.

A vast-winged black bomber was beating up against the wind, taking a steady, calculated run-up to give the university one more deliberate plastering.

But these bombs never fell!

The lad who had been taught down there in that darkened building pressed a gauntleted thumb on the button, and eight guns blared their terrific death-rattle into the night.

The bomber's rear-gunner answered with a pop-pop-pop of cannon-shells, and the hidden German pilot "put his skates on" and headed towards France with his load still aboard.

The *Heinkel* was very fast, but the *Hurricane* was faster.

By dodging through huge, misty cloudbanks and wild manœuvres in and out of shadow, the single-seat fighter stuck doggedly to its adversary's fire-flashing tail.

After a time the German held his gunfire, but the exhaust flames still showed where the destroyer was fleeing away.

Suddenly, the British pilot became aware of a second great black shadow ahead. The bomber had joined a consort.

The chase thundered on across the night sky, and once or twice the *Hurricane* flared as its guns spoke, but without effect.

Then, from aport, two more Germans came steadily winging in, and the four raiders, with goggled gunners alert at their weapons, took up a fighting formation and suddenly wheeled about the tiny dark thing that pursued them.

Like a Bucking Horse

Sudden glares like sheet lightning illuminated the set face of the student from the university, as the Germans sent their shells exploding about him.

His machine rocked once like a bucking horse and lumps of shrapnel tore with great smacks through his metal wing, but he was not hurt and the flying trim of his machine remained unchanged.

Fast as he could throw his tiny craft about the dark sky, he answered gun with gun; but the duel of several minutes came to an abrupt end as the Germans headed away for France once more, neither side having scored a decisive hit.

Time after time, the young *Hurricane* pilot delivered an attack, using his greater speed; and in his furious eagerness not to let the vandal who had smashed his university escape, he performed some amazing aerobatics.

But they only lost him time; it seemed as if "Satan" were as invulnerable as his dark-winged namesake.

Then He Remembered . . .

All the time, the pursuer kept the brunt of his attacks steadily on the particular machine that had tried to bomb the university.

All the time, as he sat in his crowded cockpit and moved this one or that of the scores of controls, and stared ceaselessly through the blackness before his screen and the blacker shadows that fled away in front, he tried to think of some new trick or ruse that would lure the raider to destruction.

Once, after a burst of enemy fire, he put his machine into a spin, hoping they would follow him down, thinking he had been damaged.

But they kept on their course, and he had to step on everything not to lose them.

Then, suddenly, he yelled aloud in his cockpit as a thought occurred to him.

"Satan" had that curious deformity, and *he could not turn his head far to the right, or turn it quickly on that side at all.*

With the speed of a flash from his own guns, the British pilot put his machine into a roaring zoom far above the fleeing bombers and out to starboard.

Shells followed him up, but he hardly noticed them.

Then he jammed his port wing down and came round in a screaming turn—nose down into a seven-mile-a-minute power-dive—shoulders hunched forward as he stared—thumb going down on the gunbutton.

Later, the young pilot confessed that he had never seen anything like it in his packed fighting experience. The *Heinkel* made no change of course—no effort to avoid the Nemesis that tore at it out of the zenith.

One long burst from the *Hurricane's* armament cut through and through it, the tracers vanishing into the great black obscene body like a thousand gleaming knives. . . .

And then the bomber blew up!

Blew Him Ten Miles!

Probably the bullets hit its undischarged bombload.

The machine disintegrated with frightful suddenness, and the sky was filled with sailing debris, much of it red-hot, as if some tremendous Chinese cracker had exploded.

A lot of bits hit the *Hurricane*—which was sent reeling across ten miles of sky by the force of the blast.

A small, well-formed hand was found, when the fighter landed, jammed into the aerial-wire where it joined the tail.

Where the other three raiders went, or how they escaped that terrific concussion, no one can tell. When the *Hurricane* was under control again the sky was empty.

The pilot came back to his base, and beyond a formal report to the Intelligence Officer did not have much to say.

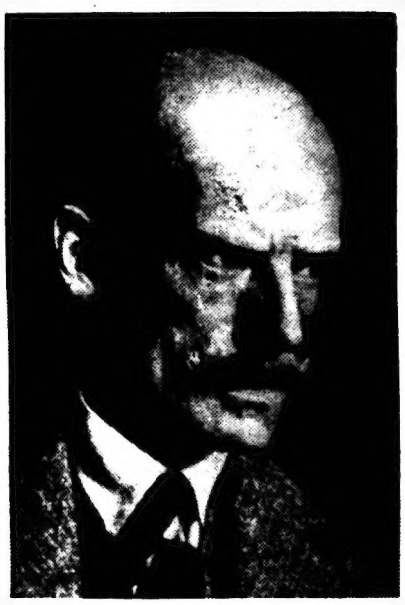
The western city has been raided viciously and often since then, but not the university!

Rumour says that "Satan" was destroyed in that battle in the dark skies; and for once rumour is probably correct.

NEXT WEEK:

The Ghost 'Plane of Kent

CASH SENT TO VICHY!



"These people never fight for us or help to pay for the war," says Sir Wyndham

★ And it's legal! Here's a crazy loophole that will amaze —and anger you

DOLLARS are our very life-blood in this war.

Not a single dollar should be allowed to leave this country except to buy aeroplanes and munitions —or earn more dollars.

And the war time aim of good British pounds should be to arm and equip our fighting men—or bring in dollars.

To bring in dollars hundreds of thousands of our best workers have to devote themselves to the export trade.

British sailors have to risk their lives every day taking British-made goods to foreign markets.

So it should be a sacred trust that not a penny and certainly not a dime of our war treasure box should be wasted.

What is actually happening, however, both amazes and angers me.

Part of this life-blood is being poured abroad to waste.

How? I'll tell you.

Foreign countries are full of men and women who, although they may never have seen Britain, have banked money and invested here because they know we are trustworthy people.

They are full, too, of British people—Bad Britons for the most part—who preferred to live abroad to avoid British taxation.

Now whether the people in those two groups have a lot of money in this country or not, they have little right to withdraw it at a time when it is important to our survival that they shouldn't have it.

But that's what they are trying to do. And that is what thousands of them are being permitted to do.

Foreigners are being allowed to draw from banks in this country up to the balance of their accounts on July 18, 1940.

They cannot sell securities held here without "good reason"—but pleas of poverty, and even such requests as "I need money for living expenses" have been held to be "good reason."

An absolute flood of hard-earned currency is being poured abroad, into Unoccupied France in particular, as a result.

This, although Unoccupied France may be Occupied France or Enemy France sooner than any of us imagine.

The position of Britons resident elsewhere abroad is much the same.

They are helped in just the same way.

Applications for money from the two classes I have mentioned are actually arriving from Occupied France.

"We are holding up on them," a banker told me. "We don't quite know what to do, so we think it safest to do nothing."

All such requests must be *refused*—no matter what hard-luck stories accompany them.

They have the hand of Germany on them.

They reach here via Switzerland and Lisbon much quicker than any other kind of message—even messages of mercy.

The Germans are obviously facilitating the transit of such pleas. Why? Perhaps because the money is for them. Certainly because they know that in any case loss of this life-blood will help to lose us the war.

Lisbon, new home of Bad Britons who neither want to fight our wars nor help pay for them, is waxing fat on it.

These people have to be saved by the British Navy and British Tommies whenever they are in trouble.

It is a sacred trust that not a dollar, not a pound that might woo dollars, should be sent abroad except to bring Victory nearer.

To permit it to be spent in the cocktail bars of Lisbon and other countries where Bad Britons are to be found in plenty is Betrayal.

WHERE UNRATIONED FOOD IS GOING

IN spite of all the promises we have had from the Ministry of Food about its investigations, future prosecutions and coming regulations, the problem of food distribution and prices remains as perplexing as ever.

A most significant and suspicious fact is that almost as soon as the Food Minister lays down controlled wholesale and retail prices for any particular food product it literally vanishes from the market. Where does it go? Whose magic wand whisks it away?

A few days ago new potatoes could be bought in certain vegetable markets at 1s. 2d. lb. Shortly afterwards, in all parts of the country, they were on public sale at 1s. to 2s., and as much as 2s. 4d.

Suddenly the Ministry acted and "controlled" the price at fivepence. Now there are few potatoes to be found on the market at all! The wily food magicians have waved their wand again.

The same thing happened with tinned salmon, with fresh herrings, with eggs and chickens. What is the mystery behind it all?

I am going to make no bones about it. In London and many of the bigger provincial centres there are men who are willing to pay two and three times the regulated prices for the foodstuffs they want.

Take It for Granted

These illicit dealers act for hotels and restaurants where the chefs are now so schooled in what is going on that they never expect to buy openly or honestly as they would have to do if fair and equalised methods of distribution were rigidly enforced.

I know of one London hotel where chickens, which ought to be available in ordinary shops at the controlled price of 1s. 10d. lb., are paid for by the buyer at 3s. 10d. lb.

Customers can be made to pay big profits on cooked food, and even at 3s. 10d. lb. hotels find their purchases worth while.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

A South London poultry dealer, who has been in the habit of selling about 20,000 chickens a week, can get only a mere fraction of that number now. Inquiries he made revealed that farmers were selling direct to hotels at much more than the stipulated Ministry prices.

And the Food Ministry has admitted that it has no power to prevent the farmers from selling direct in this way!

Another huge ramp is taking place with unrationed cheese from the Argentine. It is bringing dealers as much as 5s. 6d. lb. though the controlled price of *rationed* cheese is a fifth of that.

They've Got Your Eggs

There is evidence that eggs are now being "cornered." Big stores need big supplies, and speculators are laying in big stocks for release at the appropriate moment—and at the appropriate price!

One consignment of 30,000 eggs recently reached Liverpool and went straight to a London buyer who had agreed to pay much more than the market price for them. Certain of the bigger firms are always willing and able to take them readily—a matter that is causing the small shopkeeper considerable apprehension, as he cannot afford to compete with them and has to shoulder this further unfair burden.

Several leading men in the food trade have asked Major Gwillym Lloyd George, Parliamentary Secretary to the Food Ministry, for an interview to discuss the whole question of the inequitable distribution of eggs.

Nothing but Promises

That the Ministry is facing great difficulty in probing the egg scandal will be realised when I say that to-day 500,000 people handle eggs in Great Britain, and many of them were never in the trade before the war.

Now the Ministry promise rationing of eggs and milk, and control of fish prices.

In March last fish control was promised. Now it's June—and still we are having promises!

Why the further delay?

And why all the warning about eggs. That is just what enables the racketeers to "clean up" and get away with their spoils.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. J. Toovey, Southchurch Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, Essex, receives this week's £1 1s. for providing information that will be most useful in my records.

Readers are invited to write on any subject calling for inquiry. Envelopes should be marked "Public Benefactor."

Stop Fooling Women

THOUSANDS of women who have responded to the Government's call to "GO TO IT" in war-production factories are being badly victimised in what is becoming a great official bungle.

Clearly, there must be an immediate tightening up of the general method of registration of women at labour exchanges, and much closer co-operation between departments to ensure that women leaving their homes shall not be sent to far-away towns to find when they get there that suitable jobs or billets are not available.

★ ★ ★

Alderman A. E. Ager, District Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, recently complained that women workers had arrived at Birmingham without any homes being provided for them, and in some cases without jobs waiting for them.

"I have had women in the office stranded, quite at a loss where to go or what to do," he said.

In a Sussex town a party of sixteen women volunteered for munition work. They were sent to the Midlands, where, after careering about in a lorry for several hours, they were provided with unsatisfactory lodgings.

Food was poor and insufficient. In one billet there were no cups and they had to drink tea from a large jug. At the factory canteen there were no knives or forks.

Worst of all, perhaps, were the long spells of idleness which lay before them. "There was no work for many of us," one complains, "so we curled each other's hair, read books and generally wasted time. . . . We got fed up!"

To-day, many of that little Sussex party are back in their homes, bitterly disappointed.

A woman with sixteen years' experience in the engineering trade, specially trained as a qualified inspector, enrolled for war work. She left her home town for a Midlands war factory and was given work sandpapering the rough edges of metal—which a lad could have done. After weeks of semi-idleness she grew fed up, too!

In Stockport, a strong and healthy woman, with experience of war work, went to a local labour exchange some weeks back and asked for a job. She filled in a form—but is still waiting for something to turn up.

Four girls in a Northern town gave up their situations because they were eager to answer the call to duty.

Although they were told that a date had been fixed for their departure to a certain town, nothing had happened after a further month.

Protesting at the delay they were given forms for enrolment in the Women's Royal Naval Service!

Thus, complaint after complaint comes before me. "What is all this nonsense about wanting women for war work," writes one reader. "I filled in a form ten months ago, and am still waiting."

★ ★ ★

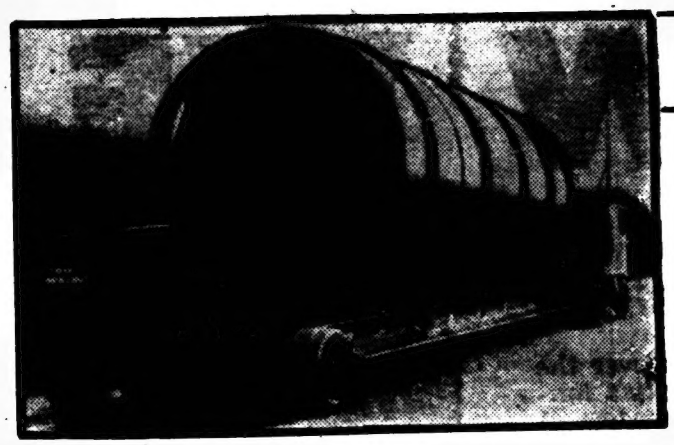
Even Mr. Bevin himself, who announced that 100,000 women would be needed this year in war factories, cited an instance recently in which fifty women gave up their jobs and went into factories. In a fortnight they were sacked and nobody cared about it.

"In hundreds of works," said Mr. Bevin, "to which we have had to send women, there has been no reception for them, no canteens, and no one to meet them."

When you get the Minister of Labour himself talking about this great problem in such pointed words, who can say that steps of a very drastic kind are not needed at once—and needed firmly?

MAURICE FAGENCE, in another "How They've Changed" article, goes on the road, is suspected of being a petrol thief, and then hears Fred's Saga

My Pheasant and Two Veg.=1s.



Lorries to-day are juggernauts—and the men who drive them are having many strange experiences

HE jumped from the cabin of his 40-ft. long lorry. . . .

No, I am not exaggerating. A juggernaut with the notice: "Caution: This vehicle is 60 ft. long," had passed me ten minutes before.

And I dismounted from the village taxicab and tried to cut off his advance on the portico of Fred's Café For Lorry Drivers.

He stopped and eyed me suspiciously. In fact, he eyed me *dangerously*.

Explanations—and we went in together.

"I thought you were after petrol," he said, as we waited to give our orders.

These long-distance drivers, it appears, are used to the petrol-hog motorists who follow them in the hope that they will sell some of their firm's petrol.

They follow a lorry for miles. When the lorry driver goes in a pub or wayside café, they go in, too. Delicately they broach the subject of petrol.

They offer anything from half a crown to five shillings a gallon for it.

Fred Ellis—that was the name of my companion—has his own way with these gentry.

"So I look like a thief, do I?" he says, advancing on them. "You might tell me what there is about me that makes me look like a thief?"

And they skedaddle.

Water: 5s. a Gallon!

"Better than selling them two gallons of water for ten bob and putting it in their tanks, which is what a lot of our chaps do," said Fred.

I wanted to know more about the changes that war time had brought to Fred Ellis.

"Changes? Changes?" he asked, taking out a cigarette packet. "I can't think of any."

"Cigarettes," I said, as he lit one.

"Oh, yes: cigarettes," he replied.

"There's a bit of money to be made out of cigarettes for us chaps.

"Between London and Scotland there are six different places where you can't buy a cigarette—and plenty of places where you can.

"At some of the places—Leicester is one—people wait at the tram terminus to buy them from you.

"I know one chap who started with a capital of £10 and has turned it into £130 ready—and he never gets more than tuppence profit on a packet of twenty."

Soon I was dragging information out of Fred Ellis. He only needed guidance.

He told me of thrilling rides through cities at the height of a blitz. Lorry-drivers have to keep to time.

It is surprising what a lot an intelligent man notices from the steering-wheel of a lorry.

Cars are fewer. It is becoming rare to see a dog in the country. But you have to drive with greater care than ever.

One reason is that tens of thousands of motorists who couldn't pass a driving test are now free to drive without any examination. Another, that every dog-cart, trap and horse-drawn vehicle that can be made to move is now on the roads again.

Coaching Days Again

"A rickety old horse-drawn four-wheeler shot out of a lane in Yorkshire right in front of me," he said.

"The driver, it appeared, was coachman to a prominent Yorkshire family until 1938, when they took up cars, engaged chauffeurs, and turned the coachman into a gardener.

"Six months ago they turned the gardener into a coachman again. They don't realise how the roads have changed. The old coachman does—and he didn't mind admitting he's terrified."

Giving lifts is a new problem in the life of the lorry driver.

Before the war he did so at his peril. Now there are few who will resist the signal of a soldier.

"I took one soldier from Carlisle to London," he told me. "He slept in my lorry. When he was leaving me, he told me that he had gone all the way from London to Birkenhead, then from Birkenhead to Glasgow, after that from Glasgow to Carlisle, and had now completed his round trip to London."

"Must be a record," I said.

But one of two other lorry drivers near said: "Not on your life. . . .

"Why," added this man, "I once gave a 230-mile lift to two girls in the A.T.S."

"Trouble about picking up soldiers," said another, "is that you don't know when you are helping a deserter to escape. You know, you'd rather advise a lad to go back and be sensible rather than help him to make a fool of himself.

"But the military police have motor-cyclists on the roads now, checking up on the papers of every soldier they find having a lift."

A light lorry driver told me of strange propagandists who use the roads. He wondered whether they might be Fifth Columnists.

"They get a lift, then start pouring anti-war stuff into you. One told me revolution had broken out down at Portsmouth. Another told me they daren't let the Home Guard carry arms in South Wales.

"They always seem to want to get out in big war-production centres.

"Seems to me there should be other police, besides military, on the roads these days."

Earlier Crop

But Fred was remembering other things.

A roadside café where you can sometimes get pheasant in a shilling meal.

"I don't know where they knock them off," he said.

And a place just outside London where eight Scottish drivers share an allotment.

"Stuff grown in the south is a month ahead of the north," he said. "They grow just enough to give their wives a surprise."

Road transport workers work hours the law wouldn't tolerate in peace time. They roar through the night with their mere pin-pricks of light. Blitzes do not stop them. Thousands of drivers can show you marks that "Jerry" has made on their vehicles.

But there are consolations. . . .

"Thing I like best," said Fred Ellis, "is to sit in a pub or a café and hear a bloke opening his gate about towns that have been 'wiped out entirely' when I have driven through them earlier in the day.

"'Yes,' they say, 'My aunt lives there and wrote to tell me. Not a brick standing. You can see miles over the ruins in every direction.'

"Then I chime in. 'I was through it four hours ago, and, would you believe it, they've rebuilt the whole darned lot with the exception of the shop at the corner.'

"That shuts 'em up!"

I SURPRISED HITLER'S AGENTS

By Howard Drayton

UNITED STATES troops have just carried out big manœuvres on the Mexican Gulf—in the form of defence against a "Nazi invasion."

Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President, declared last September:

"I have reliable information that German sympathisers in Mexico and Brazil have trained and equipped an army of more than 200,000 for the invasion of our country."

★ ★ ★

Fantastic? No, sober fact—as I can testify from first-hand knowledge.

Before telling you what I have seen of Nazi preparations, let me remind you that the State of Oklahoma has a frontier with Mexico stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Guadalupe mountains.

You know how the Nazis prefer mountain passes for their invasion tactics. Remember Norway and the Monastir Gap in Greece.

And 200,000 shock troops, with warplanes and mechanised arms, is about the size of the force that defeated the mammoth French Army.

So long ago as 1937, Nazi preparations were well advanced.

In that year I travelled from New York to Curacao in a tanker. Ahead of us was the freighter *Panuco*, laden with general cargo.

That cargo included "comforts, medical supplies and agricultural implements" addressed to the United German Charities, an organisation housed in a big modern building in Uruguay Street, Mexico City.

Living there was Ernst von Merck, ex-spy of the last war, friend of a renegade Mexican general and ardent supporter of Hitlerism.

I made it my business (never mind why) to be at hand when the *Panuco* reached Tampico.

Von Merck and another man put out in a fast boat to meet the ship. The cargo was quickly taken off and warehoused under seal.

The two men then travelled to another port and registered at an hotel where a man named Herman Schwinn had arrived to "entertain friends."

The "party" was held in a private suite and lasted till dawn.

In the morning, Schwinn saw his guests off and hastened to New York, where he conferred with the director of the German Bureau of Information.

I happen to know that secret reports were at once transmitted to Berlin.

Shipload after shipload of "comforts and agricultural implements" followed.

★ ★ ★

Soon there were mysterious killings on the Texas borders.

Schwinn, who boasted that he had been nominated Gauleiter of the Pacific Coast, acquired new assistants—more renegade Mexican generals, more shady South Americans destined to be the quislings of their countries.

And still those shiploads continued to arrive and were swiftly removed to chosen points inland—points known to be German colonies.

You can guess what they held.

Yes, for "comforts," read cannon. The "medical supplies" were machine-guns. "Agricultural implements" were actually airplane parts.

Small arms, ammunition, anti-tank guns, radio parts, light tank equipment, field-gun pieces—all were taken along newly made forest roads into Mexican and Brazilian secret dumps.

Technicians from Condor Air Lines "disappeared" into the interior, where they began to construct bases.

The stage was being set. . . .

Then Martin Dies, Texan senator, burst upon the scene.

He reported a German plot. Within a few hours, Federal agents arrested a suspect.

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This man confessed under interrogation. He boasted that "hundreds of thousands" of Nazi sympathisers were ready to overthrow every American administration.

It was proved that he was Schwinn's ace spy.

Since then, it has been proved to the hilt that Hitler means to wrest the Americas apart, to carve his New Order in the New World.

Since then, too, the Poza Rica oilfields have been discovered and worked.

They seem to promise limitless supplies of Hitler's chief need—**OIL.**

He means to get it if he can. Though his preparations have been exposed, there is no doubt that his American agents are still working underground.

So it is not fantastic for Uncle Sam's troops to prepare for invasion, or for an American general to write a book showing how easily Brazil could be captured to menace the whole continent.

It is sound sense.

HOW WE STAND

A. G. GARDINER, *looking ahead, declares that the war will be won at sea, in the air, and by the side that has the last barrel of oil.*

MOMENTOUS change has come over the scene. A week ago the British Empire was fighting for the freedom of the world alone.

It is fighting alone no longer. Behind it and with it to the end is the mightiest democracy and the greatest power-house in the world. In the light of that impressive fact, the outlook of the war is transformed.

Take first the fact as it presents itself to Hitler. In his miscalculations, that in regard to the United States was perhaps the most fatal.

HE RECKONED THAT HE WOULD WIND UP THE WAR IN EUROPE LAST SUMMER, BEFORE THE UNITED STATES HAD EMERGED FROM ITS PRESIDENTIAL TUMULT, AND WHILE IT WAS TORN WITH INTERNAL CONTROVERSY.

THAT SCHEME WAS UPSET BY THE TOUGHNESS OF BRITAIN.

Thwarted in his first programme of a knock-out blow to Britain, he fell back on his second. He hoped by menaces from Japan and by his Fifth Column agents to keep the United States out of the struggle until he had cut our life-line in the Atlantic and swept us out of the Mediterranean and the Middle East. Then it would be too late for the United States to turn the scale.

Again he was wrong. Wavell's whirlwind campaign in Libya, the collapse of Italy in Abyssinia, and the astonishing heroism of Greece threw his time-table out of joint.

With all his spectacular successes he is still far from his objective.

He has not cut our Atlantic life-line. His scissors are blunted. His *Bismarck* is at the bottom of the ocean. His *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* are crippled and imprisoned in Brest.

In spite of the treachery of the Vichy gang he has not established his foothold in Syria. He has recovered Libya, but he is still as far from the Suez as Mussolini was a year ago.

June is here and his goal is not in sight. Our fleet is master of the Mediterranean. We still hold the sea keys of the world from the Straits of Dover to Singapore.

We have swept the Italians out of Abyssinia, and have released our army there to meet Hitler's two-pronged attack on Egypt from Libya and Asia Minor.

He is lengthening his lines across the Libyan desert and the seas (which he does not command) from Greece to Beirut: we are consolidating ours from our bases in Egypt, Palestine and Basra.

THE SPEED OF HITLER IS TERRIFIC, BUT IT IS THE SPEED OF FEAR. FEAR LEST THE LIGHTNING BLOW OF THE SECOND YEAR WILL SUFFER THE FATE OF THE LIGHTNING BLOW OF THE FIRST.

FEAR THAT IN THE FINAL CLASH HIS OVERSTRAINED IMPETUS WILL FAIL AT THE FAR END.

Fear that his war, which was to be won in a single tornado, is destined to become a war of staying power.

Roosevelt, warned by the fate of European countries, does not mean to let Hitler get his tanks into America's front garden before he fires

And it is at this moment that the United States takes the field. For that is what the Proclamation of President Roosevelt means.

It is an announcement to the world that our cause is America's cause, that the freedom of the Atlantic is its vital interest, and that the destruction of Hitlerism, wherever it appears, is its inflexible purpose.

IT IS A DARK MOMENT FOR HITLER AND HIS MURDER GANG. THEY NOW FACE, NOT THE BRITISH EMPIRE ALONE, BUT THE MIGHT OF THE WHOLE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

And not that world only. Perhaps the most significant fact about Roosevelt's historic speech is that it was made to and in the presence of the representatives of the Pan-American republics.

Hitler has achieved what no American statesman in the past has succeeded in achieving. He has united all the American peoples under a common banner.

HE has achieved the solidarity of the whole American Continent, from Alaska to Patagonia, on a supreme subject—the fear and hatred of Germany. He has given it one foe—himself.

Mr. Roosevelt, of course, spoke only for the United States. And in the immediate future it is only the North American Continent which will be actively engaged in the struggle.

But the weight of the United States action is enormously increased by the fact that behind it is the moral force of the whole of the South American republics.

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF MR. ROOSEVELT ALL THE AMERICAS ARE WITH US. THAT FACT IN A WAR OF EXHAUSTION WILL BE OF CAPITAL IMPORTANCE.

The material effect of Mr. Roosevelt's action upon the course of the war will be felt mainly in two directions. The first is in the production of armaments.

In this mechanised warfare the industrial power of the U.S.A.—equal to that of all Europe put together—will be the decisive factor.

It has already begun to affect the balance of power; but only now that it is realised that the war is surging on to the shores of America, and may at any moment engulf it, will production swell to its vast capacity.

WE know from the experience of the last war with what momentum public opinion in America swings into step when once its mind is made up.

That its mind is made up now is clear from the overwhelming public endorsement of Roosevelt's devastating indictment of Hitlerism.

The other prime effect is in the vital matter of sea-power. This war will be won at sea, in the air and by the side that has the last barrel of oil.

In all these respects America tips the scale heavily in our favour. But in no respect will its weight be so felt as at sea.

That is our vulnerable heel. That is where our danger lies. But with the American Navy at our back our position at sea is unassailable.

And Roosevelt's declaration that America will fight for the freedom of the seas and will keep the Atlantic sea lanes open to our shores leaves Hitler in a desperate dilemma.

On the one hand he still nurses the hope that he can keep America out of the actual ring; on the other, if he does not take up Roosevelt's challenge, his ace of trumps is useless. He cannot starve us out. And he loses the war.

He is in a similar quandary in another critical field. Roosevelt, warned by the fate of European countries, does not mean to let Hitler get his tanks into America's front garden before he fires.

He has his eye on Dakar, which could be a pistol pointed at Brazil. He has his eye on the Azores and the South Atlantic islands.

He has warned Hitler that if he attempts to snatch at these springboards he will have America to reckon with. And again Hitler will be torn between his eagerness to get a footing in the South Atlantic and his fear of the consequences.

Hence his frenzied haste to get a decision before the decision is for ever taken out of his hands.

He hurls everything into the cauldron of the Eastern Mediterranean.

He gambles his best battleships away in desperate and doomed raids.

He plunges recklessly in every direction:

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NOW

to anticipate that shadow of Roosevelt that spreads more formidably over the scene.

And apart from the material effects of a belligerent America, there are no less tremendous moral repercussions. The spectacle of America stripping for a life-and-death grapple with the monster of Hitlerism has braced the hopes of free men in all lands.

Think of the magnificent stimulus Roosevelt has given to China. Think of the new hope that sings in the hearts of the score of countries that, ground under the cruel heel of the tyrant, are waiting for the day of deliverance, for the hour to strike when they can turn and help to bring this hideous fabric of Paganism to the dust.

Think of the effect in France, numbed, humiliated, outraged by the infamous Vichy traitors who have sold their country to the enemy.

AND FOR US, LOOKING WESTWARD, "THE LAND IS BRIGHT." WE ARE NO LONGER ALONE. MIGHTY FORCES ARE GATHERING IN OUR REAR. THE FUTURE IS OURS, HOWEVER DARK THE PRESENT.

We flung back the mad bull rushes of the enemy a year ago, when no help was in sight. We shall stand firm now when a whole continent is moving inexorably to our cause.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

HOW SHOULD WE SPEND WAR TIME HOLIDAYS?

● People write me complaining that at a time when we are backward in production many thousands of workers are to have a week's holiday, as usual.

Actually, of course, while workers are away, wise factory managers will overhaul the machinery and put it right.

Besides, people cannot go on working incessantly without a rest. A holiday is not only pleasure; it is a tonic.

But the problem is—where can people go? Most of the South Coast towns are in prohibited areas. This, too, is true of the East Coast.

Then what we call "the country" is already overcrowded with evacuees.

Gardening and walking out for the day or cycling on daily tours seem to be all that is left for holiday-makers.

Well, what workers really want is a rest. That they will get.

WHY WASTE SO MUCH PAPER?

● Despite the paper shortage and the raising of the postage rate to 2½d., I get just as many letters and circulars as I did before the war.

Film companies send me long, overwritten pronouncements they must know I cannot print.

Tradesmen from whom I bought one article years ago inundate me with brochures, short histories of England and lavishly illustrated catalogues.

United Ireland propaganda, Federal Union schemes, scores of New World blue-prints—all pour in day after day, all to be thrown away unread.

The Government is wasting more paper than anybody on memoranda sent from one Department to another on appeals to me to do this or that. And all the time it says "Save paper!"

Now, this might be a trivial thing did we not know that what is happening over paper is happening over nearly everything. Waste might lose the war.

DOES QUEEN MARY PLAN HER OWN WAR WORK?

● Everyone admires the energy with which Queen Mary, now 74, is still so active that, even if she sees scrap metal left lying about, she gets out of her car and collects it.

Her days are mostly spent in encouraging war work for miles around the country house in which she lives.

"Does she plan it herself?" I am asked.

Of course she does. When, as Queen, she lived in Buckingham Palace, there was no more self-managing woman in the land.

People did not run her. She ran them. Indeed, her mastery of detail and her all-round knowledge were a continual surprise to Court officials.

Extremely well-read and a brilliant expert on antiques, she acquired, during her long tours of Britain, a greater knowledge of the life and work of the country than any other monarch, or King's consort, that we ever had.

And, even in retirement, her keen interest goes on.

IS ROOSEVELT A DICTATOR?

● Largely, Republicans attacked Franklin Roosevelt, only seven or eight months ago, because his re-election would virtually give him dictatorial powers.

Well, last week he assumed them—and yet with the consent of an overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen, yes, even his opponent, Wendell Willkie.

Roosevelt's declaration of a national emergency, made in the greatest speech of his career, gave him powers as complete as those which, in Britain, are held jointly by our War Cabinet.

He has done everything except declare war on Germany. For that he must have the approval of Congress.

But, with a majority in both the Senate and in the House of Representatives, he can now stop strikes, control anything he wishes, and issue any orders he considers necessary for our winning of the war.

While still at peace, the United States is on a war footing.

More than that, the President has, with the approval of the twenty Latin-American Republics—and also Canada—proclaimed an extension of the Monroe Doctrine, which, in effect, applies not only to Greenland, but to Dakar, the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands.

Never with the consent of his fellow-citizens did any one man in any country exercise so much power. And never will it have been so wisely used.

Roosevelt's new phrase, "We will not accept and we will not permit the Nazi plan for the shape of things to come," is the most meaningful utterance of the war

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** Have you any questions you would like Swaffer to answer? If so, address them to the Editor.*

The Faith that Rides the Oceans

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

WHEREVER the waves roll and storm or lap idly at sun-kissed lands, there you will find the domain of the White Ensign symbol of the greatest fighting machine that ever commanded the seas.

The White Ensign has a friend, the Stars and Stripes, that flutters over America's proud fighting ships. The U.S.A. Navy keeps watch and ward over the wide Pacific and the North Atlantic seaboard.

But the Navy, tackling the most colossal task ever imposed on a fleet, is fighting the good fight all over the globe.

★ ★ ★

And what a watery globe it is when one looks at it! The total area of the oceans is approximately 139,000,000 square miles, or more than 1,500 times the size of Great Britain.

From the grimiest little minesweeper to the mighty battleships of the King George V class the Navy is alive to the task.

Shades of Grenville, Drake, Blake, Hood and Nelson might well gaze in awe at the titanic struggle that goes on. Grenville broke the naval power of Spain when the "invincible armada" was routed. Nelson broke Napoleon's dream of domination when he triumphed at Trafalgar.

But the jobs they did, great though they were, are not to be compared with the herculean job facing the Navy of to-day.

There were no submarines, no dive bombers in the brave old days of Drake and Nelson. Death came to sailors then only from cannon, musket and cutlass.

To-day death may come in the guise of a 1,000-lb. armour-piercing bomb, or a torpedo streaking through the sea.

And to-day the Navy's hunting ground stretches from Britain to Australia, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, from Gibraltar to Singapore, from Africa to South America.

While some of our ships patrol tropical waters under the merciless heat of a burning sun, others nose through the snow, sleet and mist of the Arctic.

Few of those 139,000,000 square miles of ocean have not lapped at the grey paint of our ships or roared in fury around them.

And if the waves could talk what a tale they could tell of the men of the Navy, those men who, being given a heritage rich in glory, are adding to that heritage more riches than our forebears dreamed of.

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They would tell, those talking waves, of the *Rawalpindi*, that went down with her guns blazing after closing with superior naval enemy forces.

They would tell of the *Jervis Bay*, which sacrificed herself to safeguard an ocean convoy.

They would tell of the inglorious scuttling of the *Graf Spee* after our lighter guns and cruisers had battered her.

They would tell of the forcing of the Narvik fiords, of the rescue of our seamen from the *Altmark*, the Nazi prison ship.

They would tell of the smashing of the Italian fleet. And they would recount the end of the *Bismarck*, crack battleship that sailed the seas for a few days and then perished.

★ ★ ★

But more than that the waves could tell. They could paint for us pictures of men keeping ceaseless vigil over the oceans, come wind, gale and high weather.

They would tell of the strain of long hours of darkness, of storm, of raging seas, of mine-sweeping, of discomfort, of incredible endurance.

"'Tis the hard grey weather breeds hard Englishmen," wrote Kingsley.

Some fools there are who scoff at tradition. They are the people who profess to believe that nothing out of the past can mould and shape the men of the present, or the future.

The Navy is the answer to their stupid argument. Its traditions are steeped in a silent and stoic heroism. For centuries the Navy, strong and resolute, has kept the faith.

Tradition helps the Navy to maintain that faith—faith in itself, in the strength of its ships, in the spirit of its men, and, above all, in the destiny of the little island it guards.

Of these things the Navy does not talk. And if you presumed to mention such things to an officer or rating of the Service, you would probably raise a laugh or a jeer.

But the faith, thank God, remains just the same, steadfast, constant, and a beacon, in these dark, perilous days, of sure victory.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE SHORT STORY By W. A. SWEENEY

"Yesterday," he said, gazing solemnly into my eyes, "I saw Mussolini three times—or three Mussolinis . . . I'm being perfectly serious"

MYSTERY of THE MUSSOLINIS

A GIRL worth her weight in onions is Monica Brownrigg—cool, capable, reliable. When she entered my presence and said, before sitting down, "I'm very upset about George. I want you to go to see him," I knew it must be something serious.

George is her husband, and a short time previously had been transferred from the Manchester branch of his firm to the London office.

"What's the matter with George? Hankering after the hot-pots of Lancashire?" I asked lightly.

"What's worrying him, of course," she replied, rather vaguely, the wrinkles deepening on her brow, "is that one of his uncles went batty, you know. Yes, started in the same way, too. But in his case, as I told George, it was hardly surprising in a man who breakfasted off whisky-and-splash for years, while George is practically a teetotaler, and, anyway, there *must* be an explanation ——"

"Monica," I interrupted, "what *are* you talking about?"

"Something very, very strange, it appears, happened to him yesterday," said Monica, choosing her words carefully, "and ever since he's been going about with a look on his face as if someone, unnoticed, had stolen up behind him and hit him on the head with the butt-end of an axe."

"What happened?"

She looked away gravely. "Something fantastic, entirely inexplicable, just crazy, in my——" suddenly she arose. "George is *afraid*," she added tensely. "You understand? Will you go to see him?"

I went round to see George Brownrigg.

"You're looking a trifle peaked," I remarked.

"Don't feel too bright." He offered me a drink, lapsed into silence. Then he said, "Have taken a day off to-day."

"Why not see a doctor? Summon the leech?

"I'm—I'm afraid to go to a doctor," he replied, almost in a whisper. "Of course I was working very hard on account of the war before I left Manchester, and I believe I'm still suffering a bit from strain. But I haven't been working nearly so hard down here, and I felt much better." He suddenly laughed oddly. "So why I didn't see Mussolini in Manchester, instead of here, I'm darned if I know."

I put down the glass I had been raising to my lips and eyed him. "What the devil are you blathering about?"

"Yesterday," he said, gazing solemnly into my eyes, "*I saw Mussolini three times—or three Mussolinis . . .* I'm being perfectly serious."

"Three Mussolinis!"

"I tell you," he repeated loudly, "I'm not being funny! Yesterday I had a day off and went for a 'bus ride.

"I like to take a 'bus at random and set off to anywhere and wander about. I got off somewhere and strolled around for a bit—I don't know London or its surroundings well enough yet to know where I was, but I was in a country spot.

"As it was just after half-past five I dropped into a public-house. I was just about to lift my glass when my eye fell on a man sitting opposite me at a table at the other side of the room.

"*It was Mussolini.* Or his living image. Apart from the clothes, he might have been Mussolini. Same expression. Same head and brow. Same hairlessness. Same build and height."

"Chance resemblance," I said.

"So I thought at first." Brownrigg leaned over the table and his pale face was close to mine and his eyes seemed to burn into mine. "So I thought until—until I glanced casually round the place and saw, at different tables, *two other Mussolinis!*"

BROWNRIGG passed a slightly trembling hand across his brow.

"Do you mean to sit there," he went on excitedly, "and call that sort of thing chance resemblance—when a man sees Mussolinis swarming all over the place?

"And let me tell you that I've been drinking practically nothing stronger than lemonade ever since the war, if there's anything like that in your mind. . . ."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself," I interposed. "You may have been overworking, Brownrigg. You've been suffering from optical delusions—common enough symptom when——"

"When you're going looney, I know. That's how Uncle Joe began when he developed bats in the belfry.

"But I haven't told you all. I came out of that pub pretty shaky, and as I walked along the country road, in a kind of daze, I collided with somebody—and I nearly screamed! It was——"

"Another of 'em? Another Mussolini?"

"No. This time I shut my eyes after the first awful instant of recognition, but"—Brownrigg hesitated—"but in that instant I could have sworn that"—he gulped and looked at me haggardly—"that it was Hitler, old man."

"YOU'D better see a doctor, Brownrigg," I counselled. "Not that it's anything to worry about, but when these delusions, which are due to overstrain, take this optical shape it is, obviously, due to too much concentration in a rundown, weakened state on the war and its personalities."

Privately, however, I was alarmed, appalled. "Would you know this place again if you saw it?"

"The pub, you mean?"

"The pub and the district."

"If I was in the district I could find the pub again. I didn't ask its name; I was too upset. I took a taxi straight back to London."

"Where'd you take the 'bus in the first place?"

"Oxford Circus."

"Do you remember its number?"

"No, but I remember that it was green."

"Ah, good. Well, come with me now and we'll see if we can find this extraordinary place of yours again."

WE jumped on a green 'bus at Oxford Circus, and after a while Brownrigg said slowly, thinking back:

"I believe I was on the Great North Road. Pity I don't know London better."

"The Great North Road. . . . How long were you travelling before you got down?"

"As far as I remember about half an hour."

I still couldn't locate his enchanted public-house. Every now and then both of us would look at our watches.

"There's another thing," said Brownrigg suddenly. "Just outside that hostelry there's a tree that's four hundred years old. That convey anything to you?"

"I don't know all the drinking-places in England."

"It's held up by chains—the tree, I mean. And there's a vine growing over the front door."

Was all this true or—hallucination? I glanced at Brownrigg a little uneasily.

For a man who could hardly move without finding himself in a crowd of Mussolinis, what was a four-hundred-year-old tree in chains or vines clustering over pub doors?

"It must be about here," he said, at last. "I was about half an hour on the way before I got down." He looked out anxiously for landmarks, and then seized my arm.

"Let's get down here! I remember passing that shop."

We descended and walked along the country road, and, presently, Brownrigg stopped and pointed to a hostelry on the other side.

"That's the place," he said. "That's where I—where I saw them."

The establishment was large and pleasant-looking, but I noticed that Brownrigg was very pale as we entered. We sat down, called for drinks, and I looked about me.

"Brownrigg, old man," I began, after reflection, "the best thing for you to do is to come along with me to a doctor I know——"

I stopped, for something had struck the words from my lips. It was a very peculiar thing.

My eye had fallen on a man sitting in a corner, and I stared and stared at him in dumb bewilderment while Brownrigg, after glancing at me, followed my gaze.

I knew that sinister figure. That fat, heavy face that I had seen caricatured thousands of times, those multiple chins, that slightly overhanging upper lip over the small, tight-shut mouth.

And as the little eyes lifted from the honest glass of ale in front of them and looked at me I felt a thrill, half anger, half revulsion. . . .

"Now," I said, trying to be calm, "that's queer. I could have sworn that that was——"

"Goering!" muttered Brownrigg, hoarsely, gaping transfixed.

"For heaven's sake let's get out of this place!"

"But you saw it, too!" said Brownrigg exultantly, as we went out into the sunshine. "What's the meaning of it, eh? What's the matter with this place?"

I was about to make some kind of reply when I stopped, trying to keep a grip on my wits.

I had need to. The world was turning topsy-turvy. There was a wild madness in the air of this place.

For, as heaven is my witness, walking towards us on the other side of the country road was the short, ungainly, goose-necked figure of the father of lies, Dr. Goebbels, his eyes on the ground. . .

"Into what devil's sorcery have we stumbled, Brownrigg?" I stammered. "There's something wrong—something seriously *wrong* here. Follow me."

I crossed the road at a run and stopped the man passing by.

"Who the devil are *you*?" I demanded, standing in front of him.

"Dr. Goebbels," he snapped back at me, "at your service."

FOR one crazy moment we looked into each other's eyes and then, as I was wondering if I shouldn't seize him by the throat, he began to laugh, and produced something from his pocket.

It was a trade journal, dated two days before, and an advertisement was encircled in red pencil.

"You're a stranger here?" said Goebbels. "Read that":

"Wanted," I read, "for the Silvershine Films' forthcoming '*Comic, Historical, Living Cartoons,*' men bearing resemblance to the following characters: Hitler, Mussolini, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler——"

I read no further, but turned to Brownrigg.

"Why, you silly ass," I said, "you're in Elstree! Don't you know, you goat, where they make the films? The English Hollywood. Now, for Pete's sake, buy me a drink. I need it. Goebbels will have one, too."

Having received many letters from readers on his article "We Have Drifted Too Far," including one from a young soldier speaking for his friends in training, HUMANIST returns this week to the subject of

MORALS—AND RELIGION

HERE'S a letter which may shock a few readers, but it is obviously sincere, and is too important to be shelved.

One of many I have received following my comments on religion and morals, it throws a strong light on what is an urgent problem to the modern mind.

The writer says:

I am at present in a large military camp, and JOHN BULL is a very welcome visitor here. Many young soldiers spend hours in the canteen discussing Humanist's weekly page in particular.

We are puzzled, many of us, because we cannot understand what sex has to do with religion.

Personally I agree with the whole of your article except on one point. I cannot think that the Creator gave us impulses which are healthy and natural, and at the same time condemned us to be tied to one man or woman for life.

The Seventh Commandment was framed in an age when wealthy men could have a number of wives and concubines.

Even Abraham, who walked with God, was not a monogamist.

What is often called "free love" may be simply the sublimation of lust, but surely free desire can be guided and regulated to satisfy natural needs?

However, the main point is the question: What has sex to do with religion? We should welcome your guidance on this matter.

Many of our fellows move to other camps; I myself am leaving shortly to take up a commission. But an answer in JOHN BULL will reach us all.

There are many things I should like to say, but I must content myself with one or two.

In the first place I should like to twist the question round and ask: What has religion to do with sex?

If religion has any practical value, it must exert an influence on the whole of our conduct.

It determines our attitude towards life—our thoughts, our emotions, our behaviour towards our fellow men and women.

A great philosopher declared that two things filled him with awe: The sight of the starry heavens, and The sense of man's moral responsibility.

If we were merely animals we should not worry our heads about these problems. But we can no more dismiss this moral sense than we can abolish the skies above us.

"Many of our fellows move to other camps; I myself am leaving shortly to take up a commission. But an answer in 'John Bull' will reach us all."

An animal would follow primitive instincts and grab all he could lay hands on, but this moral sense restrains us and compels us to consider others.

Hence religion and the golden rule of "Do unto others . . ." In other words, we want to "play the game."

This is religion in practice just as much as attending church parade or saying prayers. Perhaps more!

The same argument applies to sex problems. The animal within us may clamour for indulgence; the moral sense demands control of the Old Adam.

The writer of the letter quotes the Old Testament in favour of polygamy, but we have to read the Old Testament in the light of the New.

The Founder of the Christian religion says surprisingly little on this problem of the sexes, but what He says brings the whole subject to a sharp focus.

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," is a principle which a great many good people are apt to forget.

But I have said enough for one week. If readers like to join in the discussion, I shall find room for some of the most interesting letters.

During my forty years as a working miner, writes another reader, I have seen death in many forms, but it has never fallen to my lot to break the tragic news to the relatives. It is a task I have always dreaded.

My son is a prisoner of war in Germany, and I am at my wits' end what to do for the best.

He had been married only two months when he was called to the Army. His wife saw him only twice before he went overseas.

He was posted missing. When the notification came from the War Office it gave his wife such a shock that her baby was stillborn.

We have already told him that. But now T.B. has set in in both his wife's lungs and she is sinking fast.

It will be terribly hard to break the news of her death, because they were so devoted to each other.

Shall I let him know at once, or wait till he comes home after the war?

Whatever you advise I shall do.

I don't think there is any doubt about the answer. The sad news cannot be withheld from the husband.

It may be many long months before he is free, and the absence of letters from his wife is bound to worry him terribly.

Then the home-coming after the long separation would be unspeakably pathetic.

I deeply sympathise with the bereaved husband and also with the father who has to send the bad news. But it would be kinder to tell the worst now instead of postponing it.

ANOTHER letter, on a similar problem, comes from a woman reader:

Do you think a child should know that her father is dead?

My brother lost his life at sea at the beginning of the war, and my sister-in-law refuses to tell the child the truth.

The girl, who is nearly five, thinks he is coming home some day.

It is heart-breaking to hear her say: "My daddy is going to bring me some toys when his ship comes back."

It is also hard to explain to well-meaning friends that the child does not need their sympathy because she does not know that she is fatherless.

My sister-in-law says that the girl will get an inferiority complex if she discovers that she hasn't got a daddy.

One of the girls at school told her she hadn't a daddy, and she came home crying. But her mother said: "You have, darling."

I think the mother should tell the girl that her father died for his country, and make her realise it is something to be proud of.

It isn't fair to lie to a child, and she is bound to learn the truth some time.

I wish I could make my sister-in-law see this, but if I mention the subject she flares up at me. I wish you would give me your opinion and set my mind at rest.

It strikes me as cruel to keep the child constantly hoping for the return of a father who will never come.

She must learn the truth sooner or later. What can be gained by putting it off?

The argument about the inferiority complex is not sufficient justification. In fact, I don't think the knowledge of her father's death would have that effect at all.

Everybody else in the village must know about the man's death, and it is astonishing that the child has not heard it repeatedly.

My own experience teaches that young children accept the idea of death more readily than one might expect.

The loss of a beloved father is a shock, naturally, but the young mind has great resilience.

Time is mercifully long to a child. A year seems an immense period. From the fifth birthday to the sixth is longer than a ten-year interval to an adult.

The father has been away for eighteen months or more. To the mother it may seem like last week that he left them, but to the little daughter it happened ages ago.

For this reason, Time—the great healer—is especially merciful to a child in the sorrow of bereavement.

BURNT OUT

KIEL, Cologne and Hamburg—these are familiar names as outspread beneath our bombs we break their skylines with giant flames. These promised lands-of-safety from all warfare of the skies now convulse 'neath the dark deluge which Death's terror-shuttle plies.

KIEL, Berlin and Emden! Those proud and hate-steamed lairs, who boasted their immunity, but now our experience shares, of rocking streets and carnage, of homes in debris lost, as with eyes smoke-blind and blistered lips they now count up the cost.

KIEL, Cologne and Munich! These bear but the grim prelude of the havoc and disaster which will in time be strewed, on an empire which first lifted its wings in hell-wrought flights, so will Retribution fill their streets with nameless nights.

KIEL, Cologne! and Everywhere, that the German monster flies, will see the lion's broad-spread wings hunt it down the skies, until the wicked eagle lies slain with talons drawn, and above its carcase Peace shall sound war's end on Heaven's horn.

KIEL, Cologne! and Hamburg, Munich and Berlin—how arrogantly they boasted of the power that they would win, of how Britain would be savaged while they remained supreme. Kiel, Cologne! and Hamburg, HOW BURNT OUT LIES THEIR DREAM.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Connie's father served in the Mercantile Marine from 1914 to 1918 and in the Royal Air Force from 1939 to 1941, when he was discharged on medical grounds.

Since then his life has been a perpetual struggle to keep his wife and five young children.

Recently, his baby—a boy of nine months—died; the distressed parents owe £4 to the doctor, insurance agent and have other small debts.

Two of the children had pneumonia last winter and are subject to bouts of bronchitis; a little girl of four is still receiving medical attention.

With rent of 11s. to pay, small wonder that Robert Smith has turned to our Fund for help until he is well enough to work again!

So send what you can to help this sorely tried family.

Donations earmarked "Two Wars," or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and a copy of the current week's issue will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

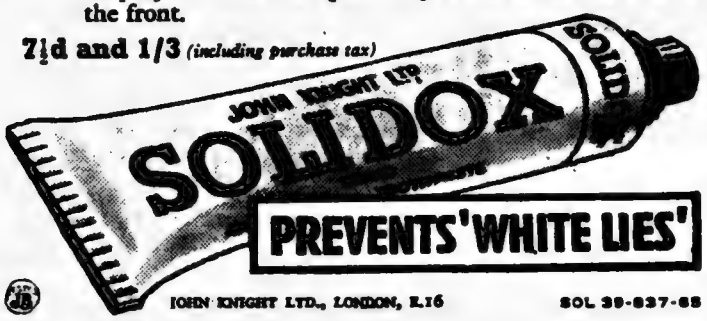
Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

That's the mistake so many people make—they look in the mirror and see their teeth white and sparkling, and they're satisfied. But let them look in a dentist's mirror at the *backs* of their teeth and they'd see a very different picture—white teeth stained with ugly tartar! Tartar not only disfigures your teeth, it pushes the gums away—and that's the beginning of many dental troubles.

The way to get rid of tartar is Solidox—the only toothpaste containing Ricinosulphate, the anti-tartar ingredient. Used regularly it prevents and removes tartar, keeps your teeth as splendidly white at the back as at the front.

7½d and 1/3 *(including purchase tax)*



JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16 SOL 39-837-88

How a burnt hot-pot changed my washing methods

"No Boiling" is my Monday motto, now.

By a Canteen Manageress

WHEN my husband lost his job after eighteen years' employment, I found work as a canteen manageress for a big firm evacuated to the country.

The work was heavy, but I'd always liked planning meals and cooking them. The only snag was I found it very difficult to do my own housework and particularly the washing after I'd finished in the canteen. The other Monday, after standing over the copper boiling and rubbing a load of clothes till late at night, I could have dropped from tiredness.

The result was, the next day everything went wrong.

The main dish for lunch, a hot-pot, I let burn—and no one could eat it. And then I went and over-salted the potatoes!

I wasn't surprised when the staff manager said I'd have to do better—or else! I just broke down and cried when I got back to the canteen.

"What can I do?" I sobbed to my helper. "I can't afford to send the wash out, but it's too much to boil clothes at the end of the day."

"Of course it is, but why *boil* the things? It's not necessary at all. Soaking in Rinso gets them just as clean, and in half the time." And she kept on so about this Rinso method and how easy it was that in the end I said I'd try it.

THE next Monday I did as it said on the Rinso packet: put the less dirty whites to soak for 15 minutes, and then soaked the very dirty things for 20 minutes in the same suds. I didn't have to rub the things, just washed them through. But believe me, they came out without a mark on them! I was *amazed*—and so delighted.

The wash took me an hour and a half less than usual and I felt fine at the end of it. What pleased me, too, was that I used only about a quarter of the gas I normally burn for boiling.

My helper tells me that this no-boil method makes the clothes last longer, too. My husband's shirts should wear another four months when they're not boiled and rubbed hard.

What I do know is that everything has gone beautifully in the canteen now that Mondays don't wear me out. My job's safe, it seems. So I've a lot to thank Rinso for, haven't I?

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

23081-464 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

And now Dettol Ointment

Many disorders of the skin are either caused by germs or else, through scratching, exposure or other causes, become germ infected. There can be no cure or healing of any septic skin condition until the germs of infection have been destroyed.

It is to fight and to destroy the germs of skin infections that Dettol Ointment has been made. It contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol'.

'Dettol', as every doctor and surgeon knows, is a highly efficient destroyer of germs. In our great modern hospitals and operating theatres 'Dettol' is the chosen germ-killing weapon of medicine and surgery. Ask your own doctor how 'Dettol' fights septic infection.

Dettol Ointment is healing. It not only cools and calms the irritation, but it sinks deeply into the tissue and actively destroys the germs which are the cause of septic infection.

From the moment you apply it, and whenever you renew it, it will go on working to keep you free from re-infection, while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.

Today marks a new departure in the treatment of skin disorders. Perhaps for you it is a day of deliverance!

Dettol Ointment is recommended specially for the treatment of:—**Boils, Whitlows, Carbuncles, Impetigo, Sycosis** (Barber's Rash), **Herpes** (Cold Sores) **Septic Eczema**

In the treatment of obstinate cases of **Varicose Ulcer** (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable.

DETTOL Brand **OINTMENT**

From your chemist 1/5 includes tax.

Healing and *Actively* Antiseptic

RECKITT & SONS, HULL AND LONDON, (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

SEND THIS COUPON TO DAY FOR FREE BOOK ABOUT **RUPTURE**

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book showing **Peace Time Prices** and full information about your appliance for Rupture, also your

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PUT ON POUNDS AS I DID

Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was scraggy and weak. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny under weight wretching to a well-formed lady, full of energy and vitality." "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/5 for one week's supply; 5/6 for 3 weeks; 9/7½ for 6 weeks (including Purchase Tax); or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:

IRVONIA (Dept. 167), 1, GRENVILLE ST., LONDON, W.C.1. *All proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co. Ltd.*

PROPAX

kills pain quickly

Swiftly, surely, Propax drives away pain: better still, rids your system of the *cause*. Unfailing 'double-action' for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nerve pains; can't hurt heart or digestion.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists **1/5 & 2/6**

Voice of the People

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I WAS visiting the local employment exchange from June till November to get a war job.

Then I was told not to call—they would "inform me" when a chance occurred.

Months went by and nothing happened—so I wrote to Mr. Ernest Bevin.

Wheels began to whirr. I was told to visit the employment exchange at the very earliest.

I did. Had the exchange learnt to become public-spirited?

No. They had sent for me to give me a dressing-down for writing to Mr. Bevin.—S. U., Brierley Hill, Staffs.

Money-Made Doctors

I welcome the coming of American doctors.

My connection with a prominent ambulance organisation teaches me that we have always gone the wrong way about getting practitioners.

A wealthy father "makes" his son a doctor by putting down the money.

The lad who yearns to be a doctor rarely arrives.

The money-fed lad may get degrees, but never masters the science of healing because he hasn't got his heart in it. It is never more than a career.

The men who should be doctors in America *are* doctors. Here they have to be content with being ambulance workers.—F. R. C. H., London, S.W.12.

100 per cent. true. Our hospitals, too, will benefit from the coming of American doctors. The American hospital system is well-nigh perfect.

It Used to be Worse!

At one time only the gentry could have beef and mutton.

The villager, producing meat for the rich man, had to eat hedgehog and badger.

The Londoner lived on wild-fowl (plentiful in the south in those days).

Our joint may be smallish nowadays—but why grumble?—E. Radcliffe, Lowerhouses Lane, Lowerhouses, Huddersfield.

Wholesale Robbers

One alarm-clock stolen from some wreckage. Result: One month's imprisonment. And it isn't a vicious sentence. You can be sentenced to death for the offence of looting.

But there are worse looters.

The middle-aged speculator who makes a fortune out of a shipload of fruit that invalids and kids want—and can't get. Rent racketeers. Food racketeers. War time sharks generally.

The lad who stole an alarm-clock had one victim. Most of us are victims of the bigger looters.—Jack Sheppard, Benares Road, Plumstead, S.E.18.

Grass to Eat

Soon the annual cutting of the verdure on the railway banks of the country will begin.

Thousands of tons of good animal feed will be burnt, as usual.

Surely some effort can be made to collect it—to save cargo space and the lives of sailors.—William Rankine, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, 3.

Ware Salvaged Food!

Beware of salvaged tinned food from bombed-out premises.

I bought three cans (two peach, one pear) for 2s 10d. There were no obvious dents, but while I was carrying them home one began to ooze syrup. Another was fermenting and quite unusable.

Surely, with the public so anxious to buy tinned goods of all descriptions, the health authorities should enforce a stricter supervision.—Mrs. H. E. Townes, Frankland Road, Croxley Green, Rickmansworth.

Committee of Three

Nobody complains of fleecing by landladies in this district.

Two women and a man have set up as a committee which has interviewed all landladies and compiled a list of all who charge fair prices for rooms.

There is nobody on the list who charges for part of the house more than 50 per cent. of the rent of the whole establishment.

This list is prominently displayed—and is a boon to landladies and visitors alike.—A. C. C., Prescot, Lancs.

Old Men First?

Many people have advocated that the oldest men should go into the Army first.

Latest advocate was Sir Thomas Moore, in the House of Commons. He thinks Army call-up should begin at 55, and should then scale downwards.

Argument: It is better to lose older men than the younger generation.

But Sir Thomas seems to forget we are all in the front line. We don't want the younger generation to be bombed out of existence while "old ums" fumble for their spectacles to look down the breech of a tommy gun.—G. W., 20, Lower Brook Street, Ipswich.

What Price Decorations!

Italy's King holds one of our most cherished Orders of Chivalry—the K.G.

The Emperor of Japan, another Axis partner, is a G.C.B., a G.C.V.O., and an honorary Field-Marshal in the British Army.

Given time, even Hitler himself, no doubt, would have collected a few.—L. R., Barnstaple, Devon.

Soldiers Pay Both Ways

While I was depositing a massive trunk at an L.N.E.R. cloakroom (charge 3d.), an infantry private left three small articles of equipment (charge 9d.).

The whole lot would have gone comfortably in my trunk.

A private has to pay full price for equipment if he loses equipment, and a staggeringly unfair charge if he puts it in safe keeping. And we all, I think, know his pay.—L. B., Gurnell Street, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

They Burn, Too

Fire-watching should surely be a job for the countryside as well as the towns.

Here there are acres of woodland. Soon there will be hundreds of acres of corn. And haystacks abound.

Yet there isn't one fire-watcher per square mile, for buildings or crops.—William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leicester.

There was talk in Whitehall of compulsory crop watching, but no more has been heard of it.

"Sorry, No Transport!"

I saw hundreds of huge, brand-new American lorries leaving the docks at which they had arrived.

It cheered me up to see them as they began their journey across Britain.

But, apart from a soldier-driver, every one was empty.

Goods they could have carried were left behind to risk the blitz. People at towns *en route* would ask in vain for commodities, and be told: "Sorry. No transport."—R. Sturdy (address withheld).

Our Flying Soldiers are Kept Busy

ARMY CORPS H.Q. calling. . . .

Over the hut telephone the Army Liaison Officer repeats back the message:

"Send one sortie immediately to reconnoitre roads from X to Y, to report movement of enemy tanks. Already have information of concentration, moving east."

He calls the duty pilot, standing by with his machine.

In just over a minute the sturdy *Lysander*, with its pilot-observer and jack-of-everything, and its gunner seated behind him, roars off.

A plane of an Army Co-operation Command squadron of the R.A.F. has gone into action at Invasion exercise.

* * *

The pilot, a still-in-his-twenties veteran who dropped supplies from 200 ft. to the no-surrender British garrison in Calais, has flown off on tactical reconnaissance.

He morses back his observations to Army Corps H.Q. and photographs the tanks and any other enemy forces he sees.

Every message he taps out he also writes down. Thus on his return he can drop at Corps H.Q. a confirming copy in case his wireless has failed him.

Flying, observing, morsing, copying, photographing, he needs five pairs of hands.

The hut telephone buzzes again.

This time the Corps wants a pilot up for artillery "spotting."

He works at flash speed. If he hovers too long the enemy has special flak for him—tiny shells, shot up four at a time, that spotters in France have good cause to remember.

But the A.C. pilot has now further perfected evasive tactics, certain re-equipment is taking place and there is greatly increased fighter protection.

Alternatively he can spot without waiting to hover. He pin points the target on his map, wirelesses the position to the guns—he should be within fifty yards or so of dead accuracy—and with the

Lysanders returning to their base after a flight over enemy territory

"picture" provided them they then shoot by the map. . . .

The hut door opens, and in bounds the pilot who twenty minutes before had set out to reconnoitre the tanks. Already, he has handed his camera to a member of the photographic section, who has rushed with it to the portable developing van.

* * *

The pilot now reports in detail to the Army Liaison Officer. By the time he has finished, a matter of fifteen minutes, his roll of developed film is handed in at the hut.

It confirms that the pilot saw fifteen tanks. But it does what he could not do with his eyes while grappling during the 40-mile round trip with the three-job trick of flying a plane, operating a camera, and sending morse. It reveals the types of tanks.

The A.L.O. grabs the telephone and gives Army Corps H.Q. the completed information . . exactly thirty-five minutes after its order came through.

Add two minutes more. And an A.C. flight has taken off to ground "strafe" the tanks with light bombs and machine-guns, and the Corps has asked Bomber Command of the R.A.F. to follow this up with heavy attacks. . . .

* * *

A ploughed field is the aerodrome of this most mobile of all air units. Huts and hangars are movable. Almost everything else is on wheels.

"We are ready to live anywhere, any time," I was told. "Some of our squadrons have pegged down in really tough, outlandish places.

"On a full day, our first plane to 'catch the dawn' takes off by flare-light. Our last is lit down at night—with no smooth runway to land on.

"We're soldiers as well as airmen, many of us being Army officers seconded to the R.A.F. We handle a rifle, revolver, bayonet, four types of machine-guns.

"And we fly the bus and do all our stuff in the air.

"Air-trained, equipped, administered by the R.A.F., land-trained and operated by the Army, we are entirely self-contained. We've our own ground defences, maintenance shops, equipment stores, armament, photographic, motor transport, first-aid and signals sections, cyphers and intelligence personnel.

"The equipment officer has over 80,000 items to deal with every three months—from aircraft and bombs to buttons and hair-cuts!

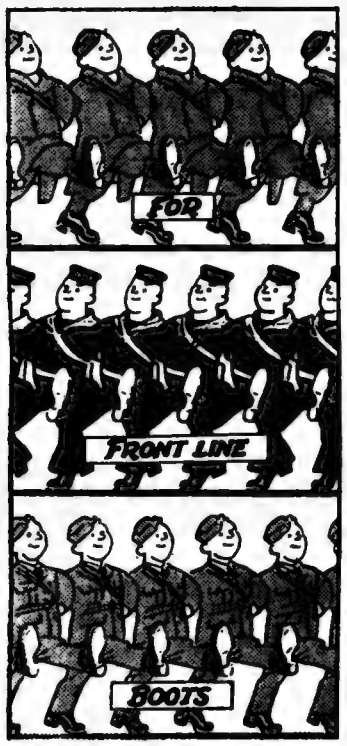
"Yes, every hair-cut is recorded.

"Normally we operate without any cover for our aircraft, and our maintenance is done in the open. Here to-day, and ready to be gone to-morrow before lunch time."

Mobile warfare, if you like! Hitler's parachutists will have to be slick to catch an A.C. squadron napping.

Covered-waggoners of the Air. Flying-soldiers of all work. "Hot-spotters" destined to share the sky with the R.A.F. and the land with the Army!

JOHN CASHEL.



CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Gives a brighter Shine in half the Time

CB/TR/11

EVERYBODY knows that our normal peace-time standards of living must be cut during a war. Everybody knows that ships must carry war supplies; that material and labour must all work for war needs. But does everybody realise that while a shortage of supplies means inconvenience to the buyer, it must mean hardship to the seller?

All honour then to the great mass of traders who accept the new conditions with good grace

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

Open up for **MALTESERS**

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D

Why a Woman Should Take a Twofold Laxative

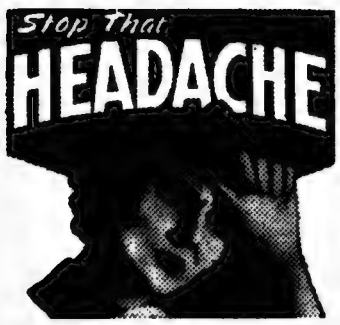
A woman is built differently from a man. Some medicines are all right for both sexes, but most women need a laxative which tones up the liver as well.

And there is one known by chemists as Karmoid. Karmoid has the twofold action every woman needs. Its first purpose is gently to clear away the impurities and poisonous wastes which clog the blood, spoil the complexion and ruin health. Its second, to tone up and stimulate the liver to do its essential work.

You will be surprised at the wonderful effect of the combined action. One little pleasant-tasting Karmoid Tablet at night will help any woman to face the day's work and anxiety with a light heart, cheerful, bright and full of spirits all the time.

Get a box of Karmoid at your chemist. Only 1/6d. a box or Family size 3/6d. Get some now before you forget.

Stop That **HEADACHE**



Why spend hours in pain? Spend 2½d instead and get RELIEF! Despite the fact that they cost only 2½d each—*Beechams Powders* simply act like magic! Pain disappears. That miserable "chilled" feeling is chased away. The dull weight of exhaustion slips from your shoulders. Sleep comes more easily and energy improves. Due to their special powder form *Beechams Powders* are both QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results. Let *Beechams Powders* bring YOU PRICELESS RELIEF at a PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD.

For 2½d

Also Ends FATIGUE DEPRESSION NERVOUS EXHAUSTION COLDS, CHILLS FEVERISHNESS

Packets of 6 Powders 1/6. Single Powders 3½d. each. Including Purchase Tax. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

"SILF"

Brand Obesity Tablet

Reduced Bust - 8 inches
Reduced Hips - 6 inches
Reduced Waist 9 inches

Grateful Lady says—

"Silf reduced my weight from 13 st. to 9 st. 7 lb. My measurements were; Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are; Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT—no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIM! SILF improves your health as it takes away your weight. Guaranteed harmless.

All Chemists, 1/6, 2/6½ and 5/7½ per Box (including Purchase Tax), or post free by sending the price to THE SILF CO. LTD: (Dept. 68N) 68, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire.) *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

"Wouldn't YOU like a crop like this?"

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form, will make good this loss in 6 hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES THIS YEAR—USE **SANGRAL**

TEN-DAY FERTILISER

LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL. 6d., 1/6, 3/- & 5/- Sold everywhere

Simply Wonderful For FOOT TROUBLES

Warm weather makes feet swollen and unbearably tender—and walking and standing can become a painful ordeal. Why suffer with your feet when Zam-Buk Ointment will keep them in tip-top condition? The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin. Thus pain, swelling, tenderness and tiredness are ended, blisters healed, and corns loosened and removed—root and all.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5 Box.

Zam-Buk

ENDS PAIN, SORENESS & CORNS

A. W. HELLIWELL continues his Intimate Studies of Famous Boxers

HAS HE HUNG UP HIS GLOVES?

TIME seems to have stood still for that battle-scarred veteran of half a thousand fights—George Cook. Indeed, it would not surprise me to learn that he has tucked away in that battered old leather bag of boxing kit that he has toted round the world three times a bottle of the fabled elixir of eternal youth.

Goddard, Beckett, Carpentier—all the contemporaries of his early days disappeared from the pugilistic limelight, but Cook's stocky, shock-headed figure, dear to boxing fans all over the world, still trod the road.

When he was well on the way towards forty the Australian bushman was taking on boys almost young enough to be his sons—and going fifteen hard rounds with them, too!

Unique Partnership

Now he is in his forty-fourth year, and it is many months since I last heard of him, yet I still hesitate to say that he has hung up his gloves for the last time. The odds are that should I do so an indignant voice would be correcting me over the 'phone almost as soon as this appears in print.

That would be either George or, more likely still, Mrs. Cook, his attractive blonde wife, who has been his manager, coach and unofficial second for so many years.

Theirs is a partnership unique in the game. I can recall many fighters, from Len Harvey downwards, who have told me how much they owe to their wives, but Mrs. Cook is in a class of her own as a counsellor and pilot.

Not since the days when Rose Fitzsimmons screamed falsetto encouragement to her freckled husband to "Hit him in the slats, Bob," has there been her equal as a feminine ringside adviser.

What Mrs. Cook does not know about the business could be comfortably inscribed on the back of a postage stamp. She is one of the shrewdest judges of a fight in the country, and I am prepared to bet that neither she nor George would quarrel with me if I say that every man he fought really took on two opponents.

It was always Mrs. Cook who directed the strategy of his fights from her customary ringside seat. George had the strength and the speed and the stamina, but it was his wife who advised him when to box and when to fight, when to concentrate on defence and when to attack.

She Took a Hand

"She is always right," Cook once told me. "I couldn't get along without her."

Yet when they were first married she would not go to see him fight. But George came home with so many black eyes and cut lips that his wife determined to take a hand.

"There must be something wrong with your guard," she said. "Let me see if I can help."

The next day she went to the gymnasium and watched him work out. Ever since, she has kept an expert eye on him, pointing out the vulnerable spots in his defence, advising him how to improve his footwork and punch.

Cook's first fight under his wife's guidance was against Paolini Uzcuden at the Albert Hall. He emerged from this, not only triumphant but unscathed, thanks to the shrewd counsel of his wife, and from that night he has placed his complete faith in her.

She has been not only his manager and ringside adviser, but has supervised his training and cooked with her own hands all his food during his preparation for various fights.

"I couldn't get along without her," says George. And how true it is! In fact, I will let you into one of the Cooks' family secrets. George once set off for a tour of the States alone, but by the time he reached Cherbourg he was so depressed at the thought of being without his "right arm" that he wired a frantic SOS that brought Mrs. Cook chasing after him on the next boat!

Cook is one of the rough diamonds of the ring. The profession he has followed so honourably for so many years is written plainly in his widely-spread-eagled nose and much-battered features, and he makes no pretence to any airs and graces.

Hardy Upbringing

Quite frankly he will tell you that he left school too early to acquire much booklore or conventional polish. At an age when most youngsters are still learning the three "R's," George was holding down a real he-man's job in the Australian bush—felling trees, digging wells, and splitting posts and rails for farm fences.

It was this hardy upbringing that equipped Cook with the powerful shoulders and biceps that have made him such a formidable opponent in the ring. Tough schools produce tough pupils, and even in the autumn of his brilliant career Cook still remained one of the most difficult men in the world to put down for the full count.

He was in his thirty-seventh year when he took on 22-years-old Jack Petersen. It looked like a cake-walk for the fiery and hard-hitting young British champion, and there were many who openly declared it to be a shame to allow an "old man" to fight a youth who had been at school when he was in his prime.

But the "old man" was still on his feet at the end of fifteen gruelling rounds, and although it was Petersen's hand that was held aloft in triumph, all the plaudits and all the honours of the night were Cook's.

He was—as always—magnificent, even in defeat, and he frequently made the Welshman look a very indifferent champion. For this Petersen can hardly be blamed, for Cook is assuredly one of the greatest destroyers of fistic reputations the game has known.

He has taken them as they come, barring no man at any time, and some of the best heavyweights in the world have been baffled by his masterly defence and apparently inexhaustible reserves of stamina.

Cook has an almost Spartan devotion to the cult of physical fitness. He is never out of training, and I imagine that he still, even to-day, rises at six and reels off a few miles of road-work before breakfast as he has done for so many years.

In this you have the secret of a good deal of his ability to shine for so long among the stars of pugilism.

Needless Fears

I remember seeing him fight Obadiah Walker some six years ago. I took my seat at the ringside that night with a troubled mind, for Cook was a favourite of mine and I was expecting to see him take a terrible hiding from the negro.

Obie Walker came here from the States with a reputation as a "killer," and the ferocious snarls and grimaces with which he "telegraphed" his blows might have rattled a less stolid opponent. He was, too, more than fifteen years younger than Cook, but the old war-horse still defied all his efforts to knock him off his feet.

As soon as he had passed his thirty-ninth birthday Cook began eagerly looking forward to celebrating his silver jubilee as a fighter, and there were plenty of promoters ready to match him, but, to his chagrin and indignation, the British Board of Boxing Control refused to renew his licence.

They held the view, I suppose, that the pitcher should not be too often carried to the well, but, for my part, I am convinced that there were—and still are for that matter—many good fights under the belt of George the evergreen!

The evergreen veteran keeping fit under the watchful eye of his daughter Julia, who helps in the family job of training George

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to 'John Bull' About It!

They Walk Through Flames

A SHORT, shallow trench with something resembling a bomb crater at one end. Projecting into the crater the broken end of a gas main. Suddenly the deep hiss of escaping gas.

Deliberately a man steps forward and throws a lighted match into the crater.

Woomph! A mushroom of fire leaps and twists in blue and yellow flames.

It is not just another incident, the result of enemy action. It is part of the elaborate training given to gas-fighters.

★ ★ ★

These men must not only know exactly what to do when a bomb bursts and ignites a gas main, they must be intimately familiar with all the actual contacts.

The novice is given careful instructions before he dons his special suit and enters the flames. He must walk with his arms out like a tight-rope walker, to keep his balance. It is very dangerous to fall in the heavy suit. A small tear might have serious consequences.

Next he climbs into the asbestos trousers with clogs attached. Then the one-piece helmet and coat is slipped over his head. The complete outfit is secured with metal rings.

The visor of the suit consists of two thicknesses of glass. Peering through this he marches down the trench towards the great gush of fire. He must walk very deliberately. Hurry may be fatal.

Until now he has breathed through a small inlet in the top of the helmet. The instructor walking by his side warns him that he is about to close the breathing trap.

A sharp click. . . . Outside sounds become blurred. The queer, spouting column of fire is barely a foot away. Another step and he is in it.

Involuntarily he tenses himself inside his suit. He is waiting to feel something. But although he is walled around with flame, he has hardly any discomfort.

Out of the first fire into another. This time, the colossal heat begins to penetrate, and for a fraction of a second a panicky thought crosses his mind. Then he remembers the instructions dinned into him.

A moment later he is out of the flames and trying to climb out of the crater. They swing over a long pole to act as a lever.

The whole business has taken only a few minutes, and he must wait for his suit to cool before he goes in again. This time he may take with him the special plunger for choking bombed gas mains, and try to put out the flames.

★ ★ ★

The giant candles of burning gas are much too good a target for night bombers. They have to be smothered—and smothered quickly.

At this Training Centre, specially chosen men have learnt all the answers to blazing gas.

Now, thousands of them are operating in danger areas.

Technical experts have just devised an entirely new method for putting out these fires. It is very hush-hush, but I was given a demonstration. A giant spout of flame, fifteen feet high, subsided completely in two minutes.

VINCENT BROME.

ONE Dō-Dō a day keeps ASTHMA away

Scores of letters received from former sufferers from Asthma, now tremendously benefited by Do-Do, lay stress on the fact that ONE Do-Do a day (or even less) keeps them free from Asthma attacks. Here is a typical letter, from **Mr. W. L., of Bungay, Suffolk,** who writes on January 4th last :

"I have derived great relief from Asthma after taking your Do-Do Tablets. I started taking these tablets about 3 years ago. I was so relieved that I was soon able to reduce the dose to one Tablet a day. I have still further reduced the dose to an occasional Tablet and still maintain my improved health. I can and do speak very highly of Do-Do."

It is the unique combination of soothing and healing medicaments—a combination found in no other single asthma remedy at any price—which makes it possible for a single Do-Do Tablet to give freedom from attacks for 24 hours, or even longer. Sold by all Qualified Chemists. Get a shilling packet (7 full doses) today. Larger sizes for economy : **3s.** (over 4 times 1s. size) ; **10s. 6d.** (17 times 1s. size). With Purchase Tax, the prices are : **1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d.** and **11s. 10d.** respectively.

Dō-Dō
ASTHMA TABLETS
ONE IS A FULL DOSE
International Laboratories Ltd., Charlbury, Oxon.

COULD NOT FOLD BLANKET

until she got rid of her Rheumatic Acids

Rheumatic acids have a way of talking in many different languages. With some folk it will be neuritis—others will complain of lumbago, or fibrositis, or point to swollen joints and muscles. Miss T., of Manchester, 14, had a bad time until she took Fynnon. Then, her brother reports : "*I was astonished to see how she could work with her fingers and grip things. There is no doubt that Fynnon Salt has brought this about. For years she could not so much as fold a blanket.*"

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium. That's why it can shift rheumatic acids and effect such grand recoveries. A large tin of Fynnon will cost you 1/5, at all chemists. Trial size 7d., including Purchase Tax.

Fynnon Salt
Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Mddx.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
BANISHES

SKIN IRRITATION
"I have suffered with Eczema for a number of years," reports Mrs. L., London, N.7. "The irritation, at night especially, was a torture until I tried Germolene. The result was marvellous."
LEG ULCERS
"I had been suffering for a long time with an Ulcer on my skin—my leg was red-raw and my foot badly swollen" says J.M. "I used Germolene twice a day and now my leg is healed."

Skin troubles of all kinds respond rapidly to **Germolene**—the world's greatest healing ointment. From seasonal rash to a long-standing ulcer, the results are just as amazing and marvellous. **Germolene** heals in record time. Prevents the entry of blood-poisoning germs, soothes away itching, stops inflammation and clears away skin troubles in record time. Get a tin to-day.

Sold Everywhere,
7d., 1/5, 3/5 & 13/8 per Tin.
Including Purchase Tax.

All you who are RUNDOWN, WEAK, DEPRESSED, TIRED, need this amazing TONIC and FOOD combined!

Here is a wonderful Tonic and Food which gives you a daily ration of body-building minerals and vitamins.

Made from a newly discovered sea plant it contains 9 essential minerals—as well as Food Iodine & Vitamin B. For instance, one week's supply gives you as much CALCIUM as 40 EGGS, as much IRON as 161 lbs. of ORANGES, as much PHOSPHORUS as 20 lbs. of BUTTER, as much Vitamin B as 8½ lbs. of CABBAGES.

It is concentrated into small tablets and is called Vikelp. Start taking it today. Nourish your body—replace all those life-giving substances so vital to your health and strength—so vital to life itself. See how quickly the tremendous food value in Vikelp Brand Tablets builds you up. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You gain vigour—vitality—alertness—energy. You have found the way back to new health and strength.

FREE!

Send this coupon to-day for free booklet, crammed full with vital information, "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 81, 129/134 Baker Street, London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE LAST LAUGH

J. L. (Blackburn).—"It is very certain that the ant is the most industrious of insects, isn't it?" Well, we could never understand how ants got that reputation—nearly all of those we ever saw were on a picnic!

F. D. (Milford Haven).—"What can courting couples do now that it doesn't get dark until after ten p.m.?" Grumble.

E. T. (Surbiton).—"Although I hadn't played cricket for fifteen years I hit the first ball I received right out of the ground." And then asked your neighbour to throw it back, we suppose?

D. N. (South Shields).—"We get honey from bees, but what do we get from wasps and other insects that sting?" Large lumps.

N. T. (Amersham).—"When he said he would never ask another woman to marry him as long as he lived, I suppose he had just been refused." On the contrary, he had probably just been accepted.

★ ★ ★

B. D. (Lyme Regis).—"My wife is as beautiful as the day I married her ten years ago. Her hair is never untidy, she is most particular about her clothes and her hands are as smooth and white as ever." But you must be getting a bit tired of eating in restaurants.

SOLO (Aylesbury).—"I knew for certain that the next card he would play would be a spade." Did he spit on his hands before he handled it?

D. M. (Tamworth).—"I want to be optimistic, but I have now come to the conclusion that it is a very hard world." We've been trying to dig the garden, too.

K. M. E. (Harwich).—"With cotton-waste so scarce these days garage workers can't find anything to wipe their hands on." The steering wheels of customers' cars used to be good enough!

T. A. (Hammersmith).—"She's always at bridge clubs, cocktail parties or night clubs, though before we married she said she was a home girl." Well, she seems to be quite at home in all those places.

COMEDIAN (North Walsham).—"Fancy having a man removed from the auditorium because he laughed loudly several times." Perhaps the management wanted to find out what he was laughing at.

S. D. (Church Stretton).—"She was very surprised and changed colour while I was speaking to her." How strange for a girl to make up in the middle of a conversation.

CLERK (Leamington Spa).—"There is no doubt that my boss paid me a real compliment when he said that he wouldn't lose me for anything." Not necessarily. He probably meant that you have got his affairs into such a mess that he couldn't straighten them out in your absence.

★ ★ ★

P. A. (Surbiton).—"When you go to a cinema, how far down do you like to sit?" Right down, of course.

MRS. D. (Leyton).—"My husband is doing night work now, but I don't miss him at meals." You just prop a newspaper in front of his plate and quite forget he isn't there?

TOMMY (Catford).—"My nasty old aunt took hold of me the other day and said I wasn't too old to kiss." But you told her *she* was, eh, Tommy?

F. A. (Hexham).—"Have you ever come in contact with a super-patriot?" We met him the other day. He deplored the fact that he hadn't two incomes to give to his country.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather.

"You does a lot o' book readin' an' such like, Cecil. What page in 'Mein Kampf' are we on now?"

SCHOOLMASTER (Birkenhead).—"When I told the class we were going to find out who smashed the feudal system one youngster promptly jumped up from his seat." And reminded you he had been away ill for the last few days?

★ ★ ★

D. Y. (Minehead).—"Every time I go home late there is a long argument with the wife." And if you went home early there'd be a longer argument, wouldn't there?

P. E. (Montrose).—"I'd only been married two days when I made my husband an angel cake. But he wouldn't touch it." Perhaps he didn't want to become an angel so soon!

P. N. (Mayfair).—"I have hunted a great deal but could never bring myself to shoot a zebra." It reminded you of your old school tie?

MISS S. (London, S.W.).—"We became engaged at a whist drive." You played your cards well.

T. P. (Oxford).—"When he was called upon to make a speech he remarked that he really had nothing to say, and then sat down." Most orators with nothing to say just go on saying it.

C. H. (Richmond).—"He seems to want to throw me over, although I have been his friend in need." In need of too much, perhaps.

N. E. (Torrington).—"I had to reproach my girl friend for the way she put on her lipstick." Had she put it on another man's face?

B T. (Kent).—"There is so much stuff in my garden that I am letting the neighbours have a lot of it." So that's the way you get rid of the bricks.

D. N. (New Brighton).—"He admitted taking the watch, but said he only wanted to know the time." And the judge told him?

MRS. L. (Hornsey).—"There are times when you seem to be getting nowhere, you cannot see ahead, and you feel that all the prizes have eluded you." Yes, we have often been at the tail-end of a queue ourselves.

W. T. (Barnet).—"I am only thirty-five, so I was surprised when the dentist said I must have six teeth out. When did your teeth first begin troubling you?" When we were cutting them.

R. F. (Aylesbury).—"There is a big hole in my garden fence, and I should be glad if you could tell me the best way to stuff it up." Use your head, man!

MAGISTRATE (Cheshire).—"The prisoner had appeared before me four times previously and I asked him if he wasn't ashamed to be seen in court so often." Perhaps he thought what was good enough for you was good enough for him.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

NEWS CHRONICLE :—"The Greeks, PROFITEERING by the severest weather and bad visibility, have made gains."

WESTERN TIMES :—"A BULLOCK belonging to Mr. ——— has given birth to twin calves."

DAILY EXPRESS :—"These are weapons as powerful as flame-throwers, TUMMY-GUNS, tanks, anti-aircraft, and fighters."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS :—"A Nazi victory or a Nazi PEACE is unthinkable."

BULLETS AND BIG NEW CASH OFFER XWORDS

PRIZES value over **£200**

£50 FIRST PRIZE | £10 | £4 | £2 | 29/- | 3 of 25/-

30 of £1 | 60 of 20/-

£100 for 15 LETTERS!

WIN a Bumper Cheque by answering 15 questions! Three clues are in the advertising puzzle below—and ten minutes with these clues may well bring you that £100!

£125 IN CASH PRIZES

RUNNERS-UP PRIZES value £25

TRY JOHN BULL'S 5-MINUTE XWORD PUZZLE

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering 1 letter in every column.	3d Entry fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
You may find a special use to grow onions in advisably	B D			
Wise Bournemouth culture for her aunt's	O O D			
Mag be the kind which help us march along road to victory	B N D S			
Travelling in this shop is difficult	C R S H			
Even if early Daily chipped it's often well worth keeping	M U			
Our driver may sometimes find it useful	A C K			
Special instructions and private class should enable one to make good progress with	D N C E			
Miner is constantly up against hard one	F A C			
It's amusing to watch Hitler do this	S K I			
It isn't often rum fell out in	M A C H			
There's an unpleasant sound about it	O O M			
Professor useful work, but commonly doesn't come when wanted	S E E P			
Master is of Hitler one to whom if he can't run with this	P A C			
Good progress is made in factory when work is done by	S I F T			
Its purpose is to cut through something	S H A E			

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples and you have made a Bullet. Make each of your effects sparkle like the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, June 27.

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" LETS.
A. W. Harris, 28, [illegible], Example: "HITLER'S [illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£25 Mrs. M. A. [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£10 G. Hart, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£5 : S. F. Dickenson, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£4 : C. E. Smith, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£3 : W. H. Clark, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£2 : E. K. [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
20s. : C. E. Charles, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"

£1 : K. Robinson, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£1 : J. T. Cooper, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£1 : Miss D. Rawlins, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£1 : J. Hallam, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£1 : R. Hartley, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£1 : Miss V. Holdaway, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"
£1 : Mrs. G. Hutchings, [illegible], Example: "[illegible]" Bullet: "[illegible]"

All above cash prize-winners receive Extra Award on account. A list of 3 Winners of 10s. plus Extra Award, can be seen at these offices. The 100 Surprise Awards and 1,500 Merit Awards have also been posted.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

HELPING BRITANNIA FOR THE FORCES
HITLERISM RAISED US THINK
LOVE'S MUSIC GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH
A BIT TOUGH STILL INCREASING CRACK IN THE FOUNDATIONS
AS IT HAPPENED BLUNDERING IDIOT AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE
WE WISH GAVE THE GAME AWAY HE SPOTTED THE DANGER AND
TURNED OUT IN FUTURE THEIR HOME'S WRECKED, BUT
NOT TO BE FOUND UNINVITED GUEST

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

HAM IN THE .....
SHOWS WE'RE .....
BETTER THAN .....
RUNNING INTO .....
WHEN THE ..... 'S OVER
MONEY FOR .....

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE OVER **£20**
Each of the 25 other winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

These 2 FREE with 4 paid, thus giving 6 for 1s.

Plain paper entry equally eligible.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each five pairs Bullets on this coupon.
P.O. Value.... No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
1,277 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 16

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

GET YOUR GUIDE TO SUCCESS

for Bullets & Xwords.

AFFIX 1d. stamp to space provided and enclose with "Bullets" or Xword Entry Thus make sure of your 2,500 - word guide to success in "Bullets" & Xwords

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

PLAIN PAPER Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 5 coupons submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.
Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 16

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee. P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
.....
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Seconds First Prize will go to competitor submitting most multiplicious set of Answers to Clues provided, the test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £20 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords will receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed facilities entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the conditions that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,277—or Xword No. 220, "JOHN BULL," LOUIS AGAR, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)
Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 16

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW WARTIME BOOK OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY READER

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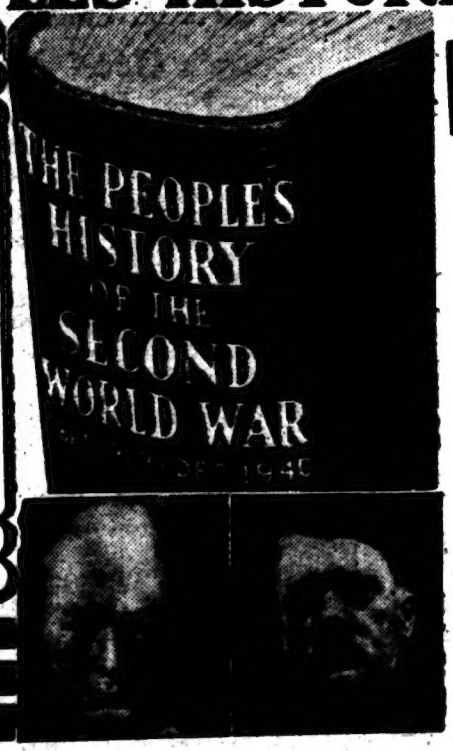

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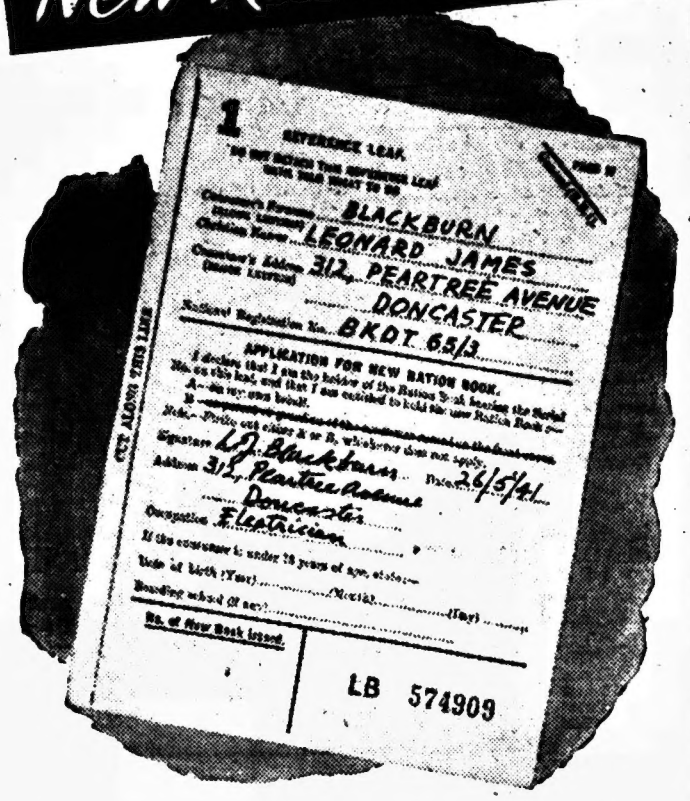

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